

From the *Britannia*.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

THE policy of Lord Palmerston is now declared. Mr. Bulwer has delivered an energetic protest to the Spanish government, declaring that England will not recognize the issue of the Infanta with the Duc de Montpensier as having any right of inheritance to the Spanish monarchy. We are not yet informed what course will be taken with respect to the Infanta herself; whether, should Queen Isabella die without issue, Luise Ferdinanda would be allowed the enjoyment of the throne for her lifetime, leaving no right of succession to her children; or whether the penalty of deprivation, for herself as well as for her issue, shall be the consequence of the forbidden alliance.

In old ballads, to heighten the pathos of any calamity, it is commonly predicted that the babes unborn shall rue its occurrence. The babes unborn of this Montpensier union are destined to feel the whole weight of Lord Palmerston's and Mr. Bulwer's wrath. The rights of their birth are to be annihilated, and they are to be separated completely and finally from the blood royal of Spain. All ties of consanguinity linking them to the throne are to be severed; they are to occupy a private station, merely, without rank or inheritance. Legally and politically their existence is to be a blank. They are to be regarded as illegitimate, because sprung from a union the great high priest of European relations has not sanctified. The pope of the political world has forbidden the bans of matrimony, and issued his anathema and bull of excommunication against beings not yet conceived.

This declaration of policy gives to the whole question a new and more fearful aspect than it has yet assumed. Whatever considerations were urged against the marriage, whatever objections were opposed to it, become merged in the importance of the question our foreign minister has now raised. That danger is brought home to our own door, which, as a matter of speculation, we thought might disturb our descendants some centuries hence. The protest will certainly be resisted both by France and Spain. They cannot yield to it without degradation, and an acknowledgment that they abandon their independence of action to foreign dictation. If persevered in, it will involve Europe in serious disturbance; if withdrawn, it will be at the sacrifice by England of dignity and character. This great and proud country will be exhibited as a defeated bully, who seeks to extort by menace what he cannot claim by right, and is afraid to seize by violence.

We are yet ignorant of the temper in which the protest has been received by Spain. No regard, it would seem, has been had to the disposition of that country. Lord Palmerston undertakes to regulate the succession to the throne without reference to the will of the people. Surely they have a right to some voice in settling their own monarchy. Even England might find it difficult to place a pretender on the throne and keep him there in opposition to the claims of a lineal heir. Generally nations have not been obedient to foreign dictation.

The acknowledgment of the son of James II. as king of England at the court of Louis XIV. cost that monarch twelve years of war, and shook the foundations of his empire. When protests were received from personages nearer in blood to the British crown than the elector of Hanover, they were received with contemptuous disdain. Spain may act in a similar manner, treat the protest of the British cabinet as waste paper, and plainly assert its right to choose its sovereign free from the insolent interference of any power on earth.

Lord Palmerston stands upon the treaty of Utrecht, concluded in 1713; that is, one hundred and thirty-four years ago. The last protest of Mr. Bulwer against the marriage refers to the treaty, and to all the documents that accompanied it, to show that descendants of this marriage must be deprived of their inheritance. The *Morning Chronicle* of Monday states:—

"The documents relied upon by Mr. Bulwer, in his second protest to the Spanish government, prove, not merely that the same individual is precluded from succeeding to the two crowns, but that no issue of the present marriage can succeed to the throne of Spain, consistently either with the law of Spain or with the public law of Europe. Such is, no doubt, the view of the other powers, as well as of England.

"It is of no use to say that the main object of the treaty of Utrecht was to prevent the union of the crowns of Spain and France on the same head. We must look not only to the preamble of a treaty, but to its positive stipulations; and, if a given thing be forbidden by the positive stipulations of a treaty, it is no answer to say that such thing differs by some modification from the particular thing set forth in the preamble."

And in another article we read:—

"We should be glad if we could here drop the subject, and leave M. de Bresson to chuckle in peace at the credulity of his dupes. He must, however, be awakened from his dream to the stern realities of things, to find that his acts and his arts, his whisperings and his boasts, are to be judged before the tribunal of the nations of Europe, and that not until their verdict has been pronounced can it be said that he has been successful, or the reverse. If the great powers of Europe unite together to inform King Louis Philippe that his son might, indeed, marry the Infanta of Spain, but, from the time of his doing so, she and her children were expatriated and divested of all claims on the Spanish crown, we doubt much if M. de Bresson will secure so hearty a welcome at the Tuilleries as he at first had reason to expect. King Louis Philippe loves no fairy money—glittering coin one day, withered leaves the next.

"The words upon which the protest of the great powers of Europe would be founded would be simply these—they would be sufficient for the purpose:—

"We, Philip, grandson of France, Duke of Orleans, &c., &c., have resolved to make this relinquishment, this abdication, and this renunciation of all our rights, for ourselves, and in the name of all our successors and descendants; and, for the

accomplishing of this resolution, which we have taken of our mere free and frank will, we declare and hold ourselves from this present, us, our children, and descendants, for excluded and disabled, absolutely and forever, and without limitation or distinction of persons, of degrees and of sexes, from every act, and from all right of succeeding to the Spanish crown."

"Those are the words of Philip, Duke of Orleans, written in his palace royal, at Paris, 1712, the nineteenth day of November, before noon, in the presence of, &c., &c."

"Now, in the teeth of this declaration, it is suggested that a grandson of King Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, can succeed to the throne of Spain. The idea seems a little strange. It appears to us that the only question to be asked is, Is the Duc de Montpensier a son of King Louis Philippe? If so, he cannot succeed."

These articles are important, as they certainly embody Lord Palmerston's sentiments. The *Times* also publishes and expounds his lordship's ideas, and insists that the Infanta, by her marriage has deprived her issue of all rights of succession.

This, then, is the question which Lord Palmerston is actively employed in bringing before the courts of Europe. We have more trust in their wisdom than in his lordship's moderation. They will not, we believe, be willing to raise a *casus belli*, which undoubtedly Lord Palmerston's construction of the treaty does raise, to gratify the wounded pride of Mr. Bulwer, or the domineering spirit of his chief. On the treaty of Utrecht the question turns, and by the light it gives must the argument be studied.

First, however, it is to be remarked, that we are not to construe too strictly a treaty of so old a date, concluded with reference to special circumstances then existing, and to the relations of Europe as they stood at that particular time. It is a rule of public, and should be of international, law, that disabling statutes (and the treaties of nations must be viewed in the light of statutes) shall not be extended beyond their express and obvious meaning. We must not strain them to suit our own views. Their disabling clauses must be strictly limited to their plain sense, and to the objects and purposes they are intended to subserve. It is on that principle that we are to seek for a true interpretation of the treaty of Utrecht.

On the death of King Charles II. of Spain, in 1700, he constituted the Duke of Anjou, the second son of the Dauphin of France, and the grandson of Louis XIV., his "universal heir," conferring on him the crown of Spain, and all the rights and privileges he, as monarch of Spain, possessed. That will the court of France accepted, and gave effect to. The Duke of Anjou became Philip V. of Spain; and, on his accession, letters patent were issued by Louis XIV., declaring that, by his acceptance of the Spanish monarchy, he forfeited none of his rights as a prince of France, and that he and his descendants should be entitled in regular order of succession to the crown of France as well as to the crown of Spain. The union of the two crowns was in this memorable historic document directly contemplated, and referred to as a probable occurrence.

A dreadful lesson was read to the ambition of this haughty monarch. The great war of succession shattered his armies, exhausted the resources of his kingdom, and humbled his pride in the dust.

His spirit yielded to adversity, and to the force of circumstances, and the memorable treaty of Utrecht was framed.

This treaty—the Magna Charta of modern Europe—had but one object, to keep forever separate the crowns of France and Spain. That purpose is found distinctly stated in the treaty itself. It is set forth as a great principle of European policy. Its invasion is alleged as the cause of the war, and its solemn acknowledgment as the ground of peace. In every document that accompanies the treaty, the principle is expressly and solemnly acknowledged and enforced. All the parties to it, in unequivocal language, state that henceforth the crowns of France and Spain shall be independent of each other; that their union shall be impossible; and that they shall be separate forever.

To give effect to this treaty, Philip V. of Spain, for himself and his descendants forever, renounced all rights to the crown of France, and declared they should be forever incapable of succeeding to it.

In like manner the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Orleans, heirs to the French crown, renounced with equal solemnity, for themselves and for their descendants, all rights they possessed to the crown of Spain.

The two dynasties, sprung from a parent root, were by this act disunited. Neither was thenceforth to be considered as having relationship to the other. They were to become strangers in blood, and all rights accruing to them by blood, as regarded the succession of the dynasty of France to the Spanish monarchy, or as regarded the succession of the dynasty of Spain to the French monarchy, were annulled as though they had never been. Philip V. of Spain, in his act of renunciation, declared he intended it to separate, "by the legal means of my renunciation, my branch from the royal trunk of France, and all the branches of France from the kindred derivation of the royal Spanish blood." So the Duke of Orleans renounced all "foundation of representation" whatever to the crown of Spain. The two lines, from their root, were formally separated thenceforth forever, and had no consanguinity of blood to each other. Louis XIV. secured the throne of Spain to his grandson, but only by disinheriting him, and by making him a stranger to his race. He recalled his letters patent; and, in all the negotiations and treaties that followed this great treaty, the fact that no relationship whatever existed between the reigning houses of France and Spain was distinctly recognized.

The Duke de Montpensier is confessedly a descendant of the Duke of Orleans who signed this treaty. Will, therefore, his issue by the Infanta be incapable of succeeding to the crown of Spain?

The Infanta is a daughter of the royal family of Spain. Will her issue be incapable of succeeding to the crown of France?

If both these questions be answered in the affirmative, then the descendants of this alliance lose equally their right of succession to both thrones. They will be born without inheritance of any sort, and lose all the natural privileges of their blood. Can such a case have been contemplated by the treaty of Utrecht?

That treaty, it is remarkable, makes no mention in any way of a marriage between the houses. However we may account for the omission, the fact is so. It contains no prohibition of union by marriage between the houses it separates. There is

not the remotest allusion to such a contingency—surely a probable one—in any way. We derive from it, therefore, no assistance in considering this particular question. We have to ascertain only how far the terms of the treaty affect the descendants of the marriage, as it offers no impediment to the marriage itself.

Now, we remark, that by no law known, or ever known, in any age or in any nation, can a man do more than dispossess himself and his descendants of rights existing. He cannot preclude them from the possession of rights which had no existence in his time, but which have by unforeseen circumstances originated a century after his death. No deed or settlement can deal with rights not in existence at the time that settlement was formed. If this principle hold good in international as well as in public law, it follows that the Duke of Orleans and the other subscribing parties to the treaty of 1713 could not convey away what they did not possess. They renounced all rights existing, but they could do no more. The treaty separated all relationship between the two dynasties, but it did not provide that the families of those dynasties should never under any circumstances become united in any degree again. Either the contingency of a marriage between members of the two families was never thought of, and therefore the disabling clauses cannot apply to the issue of such marriage; or, if thought of, and regarded as a probable event, (much the more likely supposition,) then the terms regulating it were left to the discretion of the courts of Europe, confidence being had in their wisdom, prudence, and foresight, to see that the grand principle of the treaty of Utrecht was preserved and guarded in the conditions of any alliance contracted.

The issue of the Duke de Montpensier and the Infanta will not inherit any right of succession in Spain by virtue of the blood of the father. In all that relates to their Spanish birthright, they will be the children of their mother alone. If the Duke of Orleans had power to preclude his descendants from the Spanish throne, how could he have power to preclude the descendants of the reigning dynasty of Spain from their inheritance? It is as clear that the Infanta has certain rights to the succession, as it is that the Duke de Montpensier has none; and, as the children will be possessed by their mother's right alone, how can they be disabled through their father, who has no right? He conveys to them nothing, and can deprive them of nothing, as regards their Spanish birthright. He cannot take away what he has never invested them with. Their mother is the Infanta, and neither in the treaty of Utrecht or in any other document is there provision for depriving her children of the rights they inherit through her. If there be, let the clause be pointed out. Surely it is no answer to this argument to say, that the issue would also be descendants of the house of Orleans. Physically that would be so; but legally it would not. In the consideration of this question, they are the children of the Infanta only. Through her, and her alone, they have their rights of succession, as clearly as through Victoria alone have her children a right to the crown of England. In neither case is the father more than an accident of existence.

If it be said that, pursuing this line of argument, it can be shown that the issue of this marriage would also, through the father, have rights to the crown of France, we admit the inference to the fullest extent. The children will undoubtedly possess the rights of both parents; and should the

chapter of accidents (any improbability, however remote, may be assumed in an argument of this nature) place the Duke de Montpensier on the throne of France, and the Infanta on the throne of Spain, the first offspring of their marriage would undoubtedly be heir to both crowns. But at that point, or before that point were reached, the powers of Europe would settle the succession anew, and provide for a contingency it was impossible to foresee a century and a half ago.

How remote the probability is that this marriage will unite in one person the heirship to both thrones we have shown in a previous article. If it be necessary to immediately provide against that distant chance, it may be done by accepting a concession it is stated France is willing to make. The Duke de Montpensier does not, it is said, object to renounce for himself and his successors all claims to the throne of France. The sacrifice he offers is not great, yet it should satisfy the most devoted adherents to the treaty of Utrecht. Why is not his renunciation demanded rather than the exclusion of the Infanta? Why does the demand of the British government come in a shape at once the most injurious and insulting, and the least likely to be acceded to?

Of the policy of the marriage we have already expressed an opinion, and to that opinion we adhere. It was an event that true wisdom would have avoided. It obtruded French interference into the peninsula, and disagreeably dispelled the illusion we had entertained of the moderation of the present rulers of France. But we have to do with things as they are. The marriage is concluded; that result was foreseen from its first announcement. It was a necessary sequence of the conversation between M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen at Eu. Whether one version or another of that conference be true, whether the British minister exacted a pledge that the marriage should not take place until the queen of Spain had issue, or merely intimated that such an arrangement would be preferable, it is sure that the principle of opposing any alliance between the two houses was at that conference abandoned. If the treaty of Utrecht will bear the construction Lord Palmerston would put on it now, it would have borne that construction when the meeting at Eu took place. Principles of international law are not to be dropped and taken up at convenience. Having once consented to the marriage under certain conditions, we cannot now turn round and say that treaties oppose an insuperable barrier to it.

If the declaration of the British cabinet be persisted in, it may agitate the system of Europe, and lead to many discussions and intrigues, before it breaks forth in an open convulsion. Nations recoil at injustice. Spain and France, united in a common cause, may be sufficiently powerful to resist any coalition that may be formed against them.

But let not our cabinet suppose that it will be permitted to push its hostility to the extent it contemplates. The British legislature will not sanction the construction Lord Palmerston puts on the treaty of Utrecht. It will not suffer the relations of Europe to be disturbed, and this country involved in a difficult, perplexing, and perilous negotiation, to gratify the pride of a minister who conceives sufficient homage has not been paid to his opinion. Recognizing the principle that the crowns of Spain and France shall never be united; holding that settlement in its strict integrity that has fixed the limits of France, and has set the Pyrenées as a

frontier for her territory, as lasting and as irremovable as the mountains themselves; it will not permit an improbable contingency to be accepted as an immediate danger. It will not allow a harsh and strained construction to be put on a treaty nearly a century and a half old; and it will not sanction a hostile and offensive attitude to be assumed by our government towards France and Spain on account of a possible event, which, should it ever happen, may be settled by the generation that perceives its approach or its occurrence.

MISCELLANY.

IRISH LANDLORDS AND THEIR RENTS.—No class of inhabitants of Ireland is likely to escape the dreadful effects of the failure of the potato crop. The landlord as well as the merchant and the tradesman will be inevitably victimized. Comfortable tenant-farmers, who hold many acres of land, are heard in all directions openly avowing their determination "to pay no rent whatever this winter." Those of them who possess sufficient means, and are suspected for honest inclinations to discharge their landlords' claims, are menaced with vengeance and personal violence if they attempt to deviate from the resolution adopted by their poorer neighbors. The following extract from a letter received by an extensive Dublin trader, from a proprietor of land in Ireland, may be taken as a specimen of the language now held, and the course intended to be adopted by the Irish tenant-farmers and cottiers during the ensuing year. The writer is of the utmost respectability, and incapable of exaggeration:—"I had a letter from a tenant of mine who owed me two years' rent. I forgave him one year, which was 50*l.*, if he would pay me one year. He said he would sell some corn to do so. This day I had a letter from him saying he offered his corn for sale, but was threatened, if he paid any rent till the winter was over, that he would be shot before Christmas-day; this is a sad prospect, and in a county so near Dublin as the county Wicklow; however, we must hope for the best."

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO CAN'T SEE.—A very curious cause has just come before the Juge de Paix of Neuilly. Some time ago Madame Playette, a widow lady of fifty, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune, in playing with a lap-dog, to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes, that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way, named Tamisier, she gave an order for a glass eye, for which M. Tamisier charged her 100*fr.* Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the Juge de Paix. Madame Playette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the Juge de Paix asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamisier had sent in. "For a very good reason," replied the defendant; "I can see no more with it than I could before." "What!" said the Juge de Paix, "did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?" "Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame. "Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for, but to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until M. Tamisier makes me one with which I can see, I will not pay him a sou. I wear a wig, which is quite as useful as natural hair; I have three false teeth, which answer as well as those which I have lost, and why should I pay for an eye which is of no use?" The Juge de Paix endeavored to convince Madame Playette that glass eyes were for others to look at, and not for the wearer to look from them; but finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard

the decision, she became furious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of court amid the laughter of the crowd.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ABD-EL-KADER'S KORAN.—In addition to the emir's horse and dog, the French have succeeded in capturing his library. M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, has brought his trophy from Algeria, and presented to the Bibliotheque Royale a manuscript of the Koran, taken at the capture of the Smala, on the 16th of May, 1843, in the tent of the emir, Abd-el-Kader. This manuscript, which the emir used constantly for his prayers, was presented to M. de Salvandy by the Abbe Rendel. It only remains now for the French to catch the emir himself.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.—The "Moniteur," amongst other despatches, has published a recital of the origin, progress, and present situation of the Catholic Missions in that island, and in the archipelagoes of Tonga and Wallis. According to this document, the Catholic missions in those islands were very prosperous. In New Zealand, the number of Catholics in February, 1846, amounted to about 5,000; at Tonga there were between 500 and 600; at Wallis, 2,500; at Futuna, 748; and in New Caledonia there were also many neophytes. The personnel of these missions consisted at New Zealand, of two bishops, sixteen clergymen, and eight friars; at Tongataboo, of three clergymen and two friars; at La Kemba, in the Viti islands, two clergymen and a friar; in the Wallis islands, a bishop, three clergymen, and three friars; at Futuna, two clergymen and a friar; in the Navigators' islands, a clergyman and a friar; in New Caledonia, a bishop, a clergyman, and two friars; in Western Melanisia, a bishop, seven clergymen, and six friars.

AMERICAN ROMANCE.—A romantic couple were married on the 2nd of September, by torch-light, on the summit of the Natural Bridge of Virginia. There were nine groomsmen, all bearing torches, and nine bridesmaids clad in white.

ITALY.—Private letters from Rome of the 3d inst. state that the Pope had been asked by several Italian governments, if it was his intention to propose a federation of Italy, on the plan suggested by the Abbe Gioberti. The Pope was said to have replied, that he did not mean to raise any banner, but that he was determined to be master within his own dominions, and to adopt whatever reforms he deemed most conducive to the welfare of his subjects.

FREE TRADE IN BELGIUM.—The association for the freedom of commerce will meet on Sunday next, when M. de Brouckere will state the principles of the founders of the institution, and the course which they intend to pursue. Mr. Arrivabene will endeavor to demonstrate that the laws which restrict commercial liberty, diminish the general wealth of the world. M. le Hardy de Beaulieu will support this thesis—that the restrictive laws have produced the present crisis of the linen manufacture. There is also at Liege an association for free trade, which met this week. It expressed a wish that the legislature would immediately proceed:—1. To the definitive abrogation of the import duties on articles of food, which are at present suspended by the law passed in July, 1845, leaving to the executive power the faculty to restrict or suppress exportation during the time that existing circumstances shall require it. 2. To the reform of the post-office by the adoption of the rate of one decime for all single letters, whatever be the distance of their origin and destination; and for the conveyance of articles of silver at a rate of one-half per cent. 3. To the immediate suppression of differential duties on the importation of merchandise brought by sea or by the inland navigation, whatever be their origin and under whatever flag.

POLICE PORTRAITURE.

CHARLES LAMB notes the tendency in the human mind to ascribe personal ugliness where we owe a grudge. Your runaway apprentice is always an ill-looking dog; if he was too sharp for his master—too quick with replies to awkwardly expressed rebukes—the description in the *Hue and Cry* gives him a squint; if he has taken money from the till, he is sure to have a hitch in his gait. This disposition is as old as the hills. When Priam missed his noble Hector, and the other sons could not reproduce the dead to comfort the old man, he called them a "down-looking" set. When "the Irish Moses" took offence at the excellent letters written by the *Times* commissioner, he trumped up a tale how the writer was called "ugly Foster;" the ill-favor being entirely the creation of Mr. O'Connell's "own ugly mouth." Vigorous efforts are made to set the Spaniards against the Montpensier alliance, and to that end reports are set afloat that the young prince is blind of one eye. Because Don Francisco de Assis is to marry Queen Isabella on the same day that the Infanta Louisa marries the French prince, the dislike of the Anti-Gallicans extends to the unfortunate Don Francisco; and it is suddenly discovered that he is everything which he ought not to be. An English newspaper reporter in Madrid differs in opinion with the Spanish ministers on the subject of the Montpensier marriage; and, according to the rule, when he recounts their entrance into the Cortes to announce the marriage, they figure in the description as a most ill-favored and sneaking set of rascals.

Still more dainty examples of the rule are furnished by two other Spanish personages. General Cabrera eludes the French police, and gets out of the country; whereupon, unable to do more, the authorities fire after him this description—

"Born at Tortosa (Catalonia); age thirty-eight years; height one metre sixty-three centimetres [about five feet four inches and a half English;] black hair and eyebrows; ordinary forehead; greyish brown eyes; middle-sized nose; mouth rather large; black beard and rather thin; round chin; oval face; dark complexion. His eyebrows are bushy and come close to each other; has a small scar on the forehead over the left eye; legs slightly bent; never looks a person in the face when addressing him."

The more galling the offence, the worse the black-and-white sketch of the fugitive. The Count of Montemolin dines with the prefect of the Cher, and escapes from surveillance on the following day: the prefect pursues him with a description which is masterly in its graphic power—

"Age twenty-eight years; height one metre sixty-five centimetres; black hair and eyebrows; narrow and round forehead; brown eyes; large and long nose, a little bent on one side; middle-sized mouth; black beard, worn en collier; round chin; oval face; and dark complexion. The upper lip and the teeth slightly project, which is more visible when talking; speaks French with facility, but with a strong foreign accent; the knees turned in, which is more particularly apparent when walking; holds himself very erect; a turn in the left eye-ball, showing at times the whole of the white; wears his hat inclined to the right side, and over the eyes."

In brief, according to this police Holbein, Don Carlos Luis is short, ungainly, ugly, crook-nosed, shark-toothed, wall-eyed, knock-kneed, and "snob-bish." Such is the gentleman who asks the Span-

ish people to rise in his favor, and to win for him Queen Isabella, her hand and throne!—*Spectator*, 26 Sept.

"PUTTING DOWN" VICE, ART, ETC.

SOME years ago the satirist ventured to introduce into a pantomime that august body the Society for the Suppression of Vice; which, with the aid of clown, fitted a plaster-cast statue for being carried about the streets, by supplying it with a pair of breeches. That was no burlesque: on the contrary, it appears that the society has become slowly indebted to the Jack Pudding's inventive suggestion, and has even now entered into a crusade against the nude in art at large. The society, as we learn from the *Athenæum*, has petitioned the Royal Academy to abolish study from the life!

One is apt to forget the existence of ancient association. There is so much vice abroad—so much avarice, hardheartedness, and other kinds of uncharitableness—that the mind receives with difficulty the idea that a society actually goes on suppressing vice. Just so, ankle-deep in London mud, you think of scavengers as imaginary, mythic personages that visit the earth no more—"with hollow shriek the steep Adelphi leaving" in ages long remote. When, therefore, this Vice Society does show itself tottering into the sunshine, one is disposed to treat it with indulgence. It is very easy to pelt it with reproaches for its pharisaical aspect—nothing more obvious and natural; but on reflection one cannot forget "how nature erring from itself," may fill well-meaning men with diseased notions. We are gradually abandoning the cruel practice of running after idiots in the street: do not let us hunt even the Vice Society to despair. Be assured, it is not so black as it is painted in its own records.

We presume that the Royal Academy will not grant the prayer of the petition; though really there is no calculating what the academy may think proper to do in matters of art. Perhaps they may agree with the request. If not, then the poor petitioners will suffer the horror of supposing that a chartered body persists in supporting "vice." Pitying the "dreadful to relate" state of mind in which they must be left, we cannot withhold a few words to reassure them.

For the benefit of the worthy gentlemen, then, it may be explained, that really art and vice are not identical; and that as the association is not one for the suppression of art, it needs not enter upon that unknown province. What the petitioners propose would simply destroy all the vitality of art—would retrograde to the state of pattern-drawing from which the early Italians extricated it. Art could as little survive without the study of the human figure as physic or surgery could.

But perhaps the Vice Society may have petitioned the college of surgeons to abolish the study of the subject; since the first stage in the process of anatomy is to dissect away the clothing. If so, surgeons and physicians should also be prohibited from examining any part of the living form without its woven integuments; should especially be forbidden to feel the pulse, as they consistently are in Eastern countries. In the Levant, all society is a society for the suppression of vice in matters of that sort: they shut their women up, and muffle them against strange eyes in the streets; forbid the physician to touch the skin; and there, too, they forbid "study from the life" for the purposes of art—wherefore they have no art. It is extraordinary—

that in the East there is rather a redundancy of vice.

The society may boldly say, that it does not care what becomes of art. How, then, will it suppress vice? If it were a society for the suppression of intellectual enjoyments, of refinement—for the suppression, in short, of morals, we could understand this indifference to the fine arts. But the history of great nations shows that the decline of art has always been attended by an enormous increase of the grosser vices. And what is it that regulates and refines society among our upper classes but that taste which is the product of the liberal arts! The great bulk of the rich, in all the most civilized countries, abstain from vices less because they are wicked, than because they are offensive to good taste. Our Vice Society proposes to undermine that powerful engine against vice.—*Spectator*, 26 Sept.

A POET'S BAZAAR.*

EVERYTHING in this book pleases us better than the quaint and inappropriate title. The author, we suppose, intended to signify that he has erected a light, picturesque edifice, through which you may saunter pleasantly and amuse yourself with inspecting the odds and ends and parti-colored wares he has there hung up to view—gatherings made in a tour from Denmark overland to Italy, Greece, Constantinople, and home again by way of the Danube. But the image is not a happy one: it suggests an assortment of showy gimeracks, ostentatiously displayed; whereas the most remarkable characteristic of the book is its freedom from anything that reminds us of manufacturing processes, or the artifices of the craftsman and salesman. It does not seem to have been composed, but extemporized; and probably could the author's thoughts have at once projected themselves into print as they arose at sundry points of his journey, the result would have been much such a work as that now before us. This is what constitutes its originality and its charm, for every line bears the distinct impress of the writer's individual nature. Thus we enjoy a double pleasure as we read; scenes, objects, and social traits, already known to us by personal experience or reiterated description, are beheld under new aspects, and illustrated by fresh associations, and in contemplating these, we trace out by their reflected light the mental lineaments of the amiable and gifted narrator. The genius of Andersen is above all things cordial and kindly, winning on our love rather than commanding our admiration. He has many superiors in intellectual strength, in depth, and range of thought; and he is often amenable to the stern critic's censure; but who can refuse to sympathize with his warm, ingenuous nature, his delicate but healthful sensibility, his quiet, happy humor! Who that remembers his own boyish days can resist the sway of Andersen's creative fancy, as it ranges with childlike confidence through the whole realm of real and visionary existence! It is highly characteristic of the man, that among his most successful efforts are his "Tales and Stories," written for children. Some of them are exquisitely beautiful: one, in particular, "The Ugly Little Duck," is not surpassed by anything of its kind we have ever seen. It is a most ingenious and delightful apologue, whispering hope to callow and unrecognized genius and worth, and typifying its author's own fortunes, his early

* From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen.

privations, and the renown of his riper years. Genius, penury, and childhood, are familiar and favorite themes for Andersen: in the present volumes we have them all three in

THE BRONZE HOG; A STORY.

"In the city of Florence, not far from Piazza del Granduca, runs a little cross-street—I think it is called Porta Rossa: in this street, before a sort of bazaar where they sell vegetables, stands a well-wrought bronze figure of a hog. The clear, fresh water bubbles out of the mouth of the animal, which has become dark-green from age; the snout alone shines as if it were polished bright; and it is so, by the many hundred children and lazzaroni who take hold of it with their hands, and put their mouths to the animal's to drink. It is a complete picture, to see that well-formed animal embraced by a pretty, half-naked boy, who puts his sweet little mouth to its snout.

"Every one that visits Florence will easily find the place; you need only ask the first beggar you see about the Bronze Hog, and he will tell you.

"It was a late winter evening; the mountains were covered with snow; but it was moonlight, and moonlight in Italy gives a light which is just as good as the best light of a dark winter day in the north; nay, it is better, for the sun shines, the air elevates, whilst in the north that cold, grey leaden roof presses us down to the earth, the cold, wet earth, which will hereafter press our coffin.

"Yonder, in the duke's palace-garden, where a thousand roses bloom in the winter-time, a little ragged boy had sat the whole day long, under the pine-tree's roof. He was a boy that might be the image of Italy—so pretty, so laughing, and yet so suffering! He was hungry and thirsty; no one had given him a farthing; and when it became dark, and the garden was to be closed, the porter chased him away. He stood long on the bridge over the Arno, dreaming and looking at the stars as they glistened in the water, between him and the noble marble bridge, Della Trinità.

"He bent his steps towards the Bronze Hog, knelt half down, threw his arms around its neck, placed his little mouth to its shining snout, and drank a deep draught of the fresh water. Close by lay salad-leaves and a few chestnuts; these were his supper. There was not a human being in the street; he was quite alone. He sat down on the swine's back, leaned forward, so that his little curled head rested on that of the animal, and, before he himself knew it, was asleep.

"It was midnight; the bronze figure moved; he heard it say quite distinctly, 'Hold fast, little boy, for now I run!' and away it run with him; it was a laughable ride.

"The first place they came to was Piazza del Granduca; and the bronze horse which bore the statue of the Duke neighed aloud; the variegated arms on the old Council-hall shone like transparent paintings; and Michael Angelo's David swung his sling. It was a strange life that moved. The bronze groups, with Perseus, and the Rape of the Sabines, were but too living: a death-shriek from them passed over that magnificent but solitary place.

"The Bronze Hog stopped by the Palazzo degli Uffizi, in the arcade, where the nobility assemble during the pleasures of the Carnival.

"Hold fast," said the animal, "hold fast! for we are now going up the stairs." The little boy

said not a word: he half trembled, he was half happy.

"They entered a long gallery; he knew it well, for he had been there before. The walls were covered with paintings; here stood statues and busts; everything was in the brightest light, just as if it were day; but it was most splendid when the door to one of the side-rooms opened. The little fellow remembered the splendor here; yet this night everything was in its most beautiful lustre."

The glorious statues and painted figures in the gallery are filled with the breath of life—the Venus de Medici, the Gladiators, the Grinder, Titian's Venus, &c.

"From saloon to saloon what splendor, what beauty! and the little boy saw it all. The Bronze Hog went step by step through all this magnificence and glory. But one sight superseded the rest—one image alone fixed itself in his thoughts; it was caused by the glad, happy children who were there on the walls; the little boy had once nodded to them by daylight.

"Many, certainly, have wandered carelessly past this picture; and yet it encloses a treasure of poetry; it is Christ who descends into the nether world; but it is not the tortured we see around him—no, they tell of hope and immortality. Angiolo Bronzini, the Florentine, painted this picture. The expression of the children's certainty that they are going to heaven is excellent: two little ones embrace each other; one child stretches its hand out to another below, and points to himself as if he said, 'I am going to heaven.' All the elders stand uncertain, hoping, or bending in humble prayer to the Lord Jesus.

"The boy looked longer at this picture than at any other; the Bronze Hog stood still before it; a gentle sigh was heard; did it come from the painting, or from the animal's breast? The boy extended his hands towards the smiling children; then the animal started off with him, away, through the open front hall.

"Thanks and blessings on thee, thou sweet animal!" said the little boy, and patted the Bronze Hog; who, with an amiable grunt, sprang down the stairs with him."

They stand before the church of Santa Croce.

"A strange ray of light streamed forth from a monument in the left aisle; a thousand moving stars formed, as it were, a glory around it. A device displayed itself on the tomb; a red ladder on a blue ground—it appeared to glow like fire. It was the grave of Galileo; it is a simple monument; but the red ladder on the blue ground is a significant device; it is as if it belonged to art alone, for here the way goes always upwards, on a glowing ladder; but to heaven. All the prophets of genius go to heaven, like the prophet Elias."

In the morning, the boy wakes, and finds himself still seated on the Bronze Hog, which stood in its usual place. He returns to his wretched home, whence his abandoned mother had sent him out to beg. Having no money to give her, he is cruelly beaten; a neighbor interposes to protect him; the two women fight; the boy escapes in the confusion, and wanders to the church of Santa Croce, where he cries himself to sleep by Michael Angelo's grave. An elderly citizen takes pity on the forlorn little fellow, and receives him into his family; which consists of himself, his wife, and a little white Bolognese dog, clipped so close that one could see its rosy red skin. His mother readily

consents to part with him; and he at once becomes a favorite with the old woman and the pet dog.

"He is a sweet child," said she. "What a fine Glover we can make of him—just as you were; and he has such fine pliant fingers. Madonna has destined him to be a Glover."

"And so the boy remained there in the house; and the woman herself taught him to sew. He lived well, he slept well, he became lively, and he began to tease Bellissima—so the little dog was called; the woman threatened him with her finger, and chid him, and was angry; and it went to the boy's heart, as he sat thoughtfully in his little chamber. It looked out to the street; and they dried skins there; thick iron bars were before the windows. He could not sleep, the Bronze Hog was in his thoughts; and he suddenly heard something outside—'Plask, plask!' Yes, it was certainly the Hog. He sprang to the window; but there was nothing to be seen, it was past."

In the morning, he is ordered to carry the color-box of a young painter, the Glover's neighbor; and he enters the well-known gallery. A passionate longing to become a painter takes hold on him; the glove-making goes on but badly, and he steals away one starlight night to confabulate with his friend the Bronze Hog. His reverie is interrupted by Bellissima, who, shocking to relate, had followed him without being dressed, as the old mother called it! The dog was never allowed to go out in the winter-time without being clad in a little jacket of sheep-skin, tied with red ribands and hung with bells. And now Bellissima was naked in the night-air; what would be the consequence? Terrified at the thought, the boy kissed the Bronze Hog, snatched up the shivering dog, and ran off with it in his bosom. But before he could reach home, he was stopped by gendarmes; who, thinking he had stolen the animal, carried it away to the guard-house.

"Here was sorrow and trouble! He knew not whether he should spring into the Arno, or go home and confess all. They would certainly kill him, he thought. 'But I would willingly be killed! I will die, and then I shall go to Jesus and Madonna;' and he went home with the thought of being killed.

"The door was locked; he could not reach the knocker; there was no one in the street, but there was a loose stone; he took it up and hammered away at the door. 'Who is that?' cried a voice from within.

"It is me!" said he. "Bellissima is lost!—let me in, and kill me!"

"They were so frightened, particularly Signora, for poor Bellissima. She looked directly to the wall where the dog's vestment always hung, and the little sheep-skin was there.

"Bellissima in the guard-house!" she cried, quite aloud; 'you wicked child! How did you get him out? He will be frozen to death! That delicate animal among the coarse soldiers!'

"The old man was obliged to be off directly. The wife wailed, and the boy cried. All the people in the house mustered together, the painter too; he took the boy between his knees, questioned him, and by bits and scraps he got the whole story about the Bronze Hog and the gallery—it was not easy to understand. The painter, however, consoled the little fellow, and spoke kindly to the old woman; but she was not satisfied before 'father' came with Bellissima, who had been amongst the soldiers.

There was such joy ; and the painter patted the poor boy, and gave him a handful of pictures.

"Oh, they were splendid pieces, comic heads ! but, above all, there was the Bronze Hog itself to the life. Oh, nothing could be more glorious ! With a few strokes, it stood there on paper, and even the house behind it was shown.

"Oh, how I wish I could draw and paint ! then I could obtain the whole world for myself."

"The first leisure moment that the little fellow had next day, he seized the pencil, and on the white side of one of the pictures he attempted to copy the drawing of the Bronze Hog ; and he succeeded. A little crooked, a little up and down, one leg thick and another thin ; but yet it was not to be misunderstood ; he himself exulted over it. The pencil would not go just as straight as it should do, he could perceive ; but next day there stood another Bronze Hog by the side of the first, and it was a hundred times better ; the third was so good that every one might know it.

"But the glove-making went badly on, the town errands went on slowly ; for the Bronze Hog had taught him that all pictures could be drawn on paper, and the city of Florence is a whole picture-book, if one will but turn the leaves over. On the Piazza della Trinità, there stands a slender pillar, and on the top of this stands the Goddess of Justice, with her eyes bound and the scales in her hand.

"She soon stood on the paper, and it was the glover's little boy who had placed her there. The collection of pictures increased ; but everything in it was as yet but still-life ; when one day Bellissima hopped about before him. 'Stand still,' said he ; 'you shall be beautiful, and be amongst my pictures !' but Bellissima would not stand still, so he must be bound ; his head and tail were fastened ; he barked and jumped : the string must be tightened—when in came Signora !

"You wicked boy—the poor animal !" was all that she could say ; and she pushed the boy aside, kicked him with her foot, and turned him out of her house ; he, the most ungrateful rascal ; the naughtiest child ; and, crying, she kissed her little half-strangled Bellissima.

"Just then the painter came up the stairs, and here is the point on which the story turns.

"In the year 1834, there was an exhibition in the Accademia della Arte in Florence ; two paintings placed by the side of each other drew a number of spectators to them. The smallest painting represented a merry little boy, who sat drawing ; he had for his model a little, white, nicely-clipped pug-dog, but the animal would not stand still, and was therefore bound fast with packthread, and that both by the head and tail ; there was life and truth in it that must appeal to every one. The painter was, as they said, a young Florentine who had been found in the streets when a little boy. He had been brought up by an old glover, and had taught himself drawing. A painter, now famous, had discovered this talent ; the boy having been chased away because he had bound his mistress' favorite, the little pug-dog, and made it his model.

"The glover's boy had become a great painter. This picture proved it ; but it was particularly shown in the larger one by its side. Here was but a single figure, a ragged but beautiful boy, who sat

and slept in the street ; he leaned up against the Bronze Hog in the street Porta Rossa. All the spectators knew the place. The child's arm rested on the swine's head ; the little boy slept soundly, and the lamp by the image of the Madonna, cast a strong effective light on the child's sweet face. It was a magnificent picture ; a large gilt frame encircled it, and on the corner of the frame hung a laurel wreath ; but between the green leaves, a black riband entwined itself, from which a long crape veil hung down.

"The young artist was just then dead !"

The Music Book. Published every Saturday. Printed from engraved plates, on paper the usual music size. (No. I. Sing, Maiden, sing. Words by Barry Cornwall ; Music by Balfe. No. II. The False Friend. Words by Thomas Hood ; Music by Vincent Wallace.) Office, St. Bride's avenue, Fleet street.

THIS seems to us one of the most novel and pleasing extensions of the now prevailing system of cheapness. Excellent original music is here proposed to be presented to us, with no abatement even in the elegance of its setting forth, at one fifth of its usual cost. Both songs in the numbers before us are pretty and likely to be popular ; and the names actually announced as contributors to the work carry with them the best promise. The anticipation of the conductors of such an undertaking seems, therefore, reasonable enough ; and is expressed with a modesty and brevity which we take to be of good omen. "The high price," it is remarked, "at which original music is usually sold, places it out of the reach of many who would otherwise gladly purchase it ; and it is therefore thought that an attempt to bring the works of the most eminent composers within a more reasonable cost, will be favorably received by the public." We do not doubt it.

We shall see the success of an undertaking like this with peculiar satisfaction. It is the wider diffusion of an elegant and humanizing luxury, hitherto for mere trade purposes most absurdly limited. If the public second such an effort, they will gain by it much more than its immediate advantages. It must tend to throw open the whole system of musical publication.

Mr. Doyle's design for the wrapper of the Music Book suggests, with its whimsical and fertile fancy, the universal acceptableness of music from the days of Apollo and Orion. To look at it is to imagine countless purchasers. We have the huntsman's horn, and the harp of the bard of chivalry ; we have the English family party, with flute, double-bass, and piano, and the party of German students roaring over their beer ; we have the beperiwigged maestro at his organ, and the Italian boy with his monkey at his ; we have the plumed and cloaked gallant serenading under his mistress' window, and the shepherd piping to his sweetheart in the meadow ; we have the drums and trumpets of battle, and the German brass band in the streets ; —in short we have all the wonders of music, to accompany the attendant wonder (by no means the least now-a-days) of a cheap music book.—*Examiner.*

From the Athenæum.

SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 316 of the Living Age.)

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16.

A JOINT deputation of the Geological and Mechanical sections, headed by the president, proceeded, at 1 o'clock, to the boring on Southampton common. After hearing the report of the engineer, and examining the evidence of the strata, the president observed that there was every probability, on their reaching the upper greensand below the chalk strata, that a sufficient supply of water would be obtained. Whether or not it would rise to the required level would depend, however, upon the level at which the upper greensand entered. He advised, however, the continuance of the work. It appears the well already gives 15,000 cubic feet of water; the supply required for the town being from 30,000 to 35,000.

Mr. Taylor read the following account of the tickets issued at the Southampton meeting:—

	No. of Tickets.	Payment.
Old Life Subscribers,	241 . .	—
New ditto,	11 . .	£110
Old Annual Subscribers,	67 . .	—
New ditto,	39 . .	78
Associates,	268 . .	268
Foreigners,	19 . .	—
Ladies,	198 . .	198
Prince Albert's contribution,	100	100
Sale of books,	8 4s. 8d.	—
Total,	£762 4s. 8d.	—

The following is an abstract of Mr. Lyell's discourse, delivered, as we stated, on Monday the 14th:—"On the Delta and Alluvial Deposits of the Mississippi, and other points in the Geology of North America, observed in the years 1845-6."—The delta of the Mississippi may be defined as that part of the great alluvial plain which lies below, or to the south of the branching off of the highest arm of the river, called the Atchafalaya. This delta is about 13,600 square miles in area, and elevated from a few inches to ten feet above the level of the sea. The greater part of it protrudes into the Gulf of Mexico beyond the general coast line. The level plain to the north, as far as Cape Girardeau in Missouri above the junction of the Ohio, is of the same character, including, according to Mr. Forshey, an area of about 16,000 square miles, and is, therefore, larger than the delta. It is very variable in width from east to west, being near its northern extremity, or at the mouth of the Ohio, 50 miles wide; at Memphis 30; at the mouth of the White River 80, and contracting again farther south, at Grand Gulf, to 33 miles. The delta and alluvial plain rise by so gradual a slope from the sea as to attain, at the junction of the Ohio, (a distance of 800 miles by the river,) an elevation of only two hundred feet above the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Lyell first described the low mud banks covered with reeds at the mouths of the Mississippi, and the pilot-station called the Balize; then passed to the quantity of drift-wood choking up the bayous, or channels, intersecting the banks; and, lastly, enlarged on the long narrow promontory formed by the great river and its banks between New Orleans and the Balize. The advance of this singular

lar tongue of land has been generally supposed to have been very rapid, but Mr. Lyell and Dr. Carpenter, who accompanied him, arrived at an opposite conclusion. After comparing the present state of this region with the map published by Charlevoix, 120 years ago, they doubt whether the land has, on the whole, gained more than a mile in the course of a century. A large excavation, eighteen feet deep, made for the gas works at New Orleans, and still in progress, March, 1846, shows that much of the soil there consists of fine clay or mud, containing innumerable stools of trees, buried at various levels in an erect position, with their roots attached, implying the former existence there of fresh-water swamps covered with trees, over which the sediment of the Mississippi was spread during inundations, so as slowly to raise the level of the ground. As the site of the excavation is now about nine feet above the sea, the lowest of these upright trees imply that the region where they grew has sunk down about nine feet below the sea level. The exposure, also, in the vertical banks of the Mississippi at low water for hundreds of miles above the head of the delta, of the stumps of trees buried with their roots in their natural position, three tiers being occasionally seen one above the other, shows that the river in its wanderings has opened a channel through ancient morasses, where trees once grew, and where alluvial matter gradually accumulated. The old deserted beds, also, of the river, with banks raised fifteen feet above the adjoining low grounds, bear testimony to the frequent shifting of the place of the main stream; and the like inference may be drawn from the occurrence, here and there, of crescent-shaped lakes, each many miles in length and half a mile or more in breadth, which have once constituted great curves or bends of the river, but are now often far distant from it. The Mississippi, by the constant undermining of its banks, checks the rise of large commercial towns on its borders, and causes a singular contrast between the wealth and splendor of eight hundred or more fine steamers, some of which may truly be called floating palaces, and the flat monotonous wilderness of uncleared land which extends for hundreds of miles on both sides of the great navigable stream. Mr. Lyell visited, in March, 1846, the region shaken for three months, in 1811-12, by the earthquake of New Madrid. One portion of it, situated in the states of Missouri and Arkansas is now called "the sunk country." It extends about seventy miles north and south, and thirty east and west, and is for the most part submerged. Many dead trees are still standing erect in the swamps; a far greater number lie prostrate. Even on the dry ground in the vicinity, all the forest trees which are of a prior date to 1811 are leafless: they are supposed to have been killed by the loosening of their roots by the repeated shocks of 1811-12. Numerous rents are also observable in the ground where it opened in 1811; and many "sink-holes," or cavities, from 10 to 30 yards wide and 20 feet or more in depth, now interrupt the general level of the plain, which were formed by the spouting out of large quantities of sand and mud during the earthquake. In attempting to compute the minimum of time required for the accumulation of the alluvial matter in the delta and valley of the Mississippi, Mr. Lyell referred to a series of experiments, made by Dr. Riddell, at New Orleans, showing that the mean annual proportion of sediment in the river was, to the water $\frac{1}{1245}$ in weight, or about $\frac{1}{3000}$.

in volume. From the observations of the same gentleman, and those of Dr. Carpenter, and of Mr. Forshey, (an eminent engineer of Louisiana,) the average width, depth, and velocity of the Mississippi, and thence the mean annual discharge of water, are deduced. In assuming 528 feet (or the tenth of a mile) as the probable thickness of the deposit of mud and sand in the delta, Mr. Lyell founds his conjecture on the depth of the Gulf of Mexico, between the southern point of Florida and the Balize, which equals on an average 100 fathoms. The area of the delta being about 13,600 square statute miles, and the quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the river 3,702,758,400 cubic feet, it must have taken 67,000 years for the formation of the whole; and if the alluvial matter of the plain above be 264 feet deep, or half that of the delta, it has required 33,500 more years for its accumulation—even if its area be estimated as only equal to that of the delta, whereas it is, in fact, larger. If some deduction be made from the time here stated, in consequence of the effect of drift-wood, which must have aided in filling up more rapidly the space above alluded to, a far more important allowance must be made, on the other hand, for the loss of matter, owing to the finer particles of mud not settling at the mouth of the river, but being swept out far to sea, and even conveyed into the Atlantic by the Gulf stream. Yet the whole period during which the Mississippi has transported its earthy burthen to the ocean, though perhaps far exceeding 100,000 years, must be insignificant, in a geological point of view, since the bluffs or cliffs bounding the great valley, (and therefore older in date,) and which are from 50 to 250 feet in perpendicular height, consist in great part of loam, containing land, fluvial, and lacustrine shells of species still inhabiting the same country. These fossil shells, occurring in a deposit resembling the *loess* of the Rhine, are associated with the bones of the mastodon, elephant, tapir, mylodon, and other megatheroid animals; also a species of horse, ox, and other mammalia, most of them of extinct species. The loam rests at Vicksburg and other places on eocene, or lower tertiary strata, which, in their turn, repose on cretaceous rocks. A section from Vicksburg to Darien, through the states of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, exhibit this superposition, as well as that of the cretaceous strata on carboniferous rocks at Tuscaloosa. Mr. Lyell ascertained that the huge fossil cretacean, named *Zeuglodon*, by Owen, is confined to the eocene deposits. In the cretaceous strata, the remains of the mosasaurus, and other reptiles, occur without any cetacea. The coal-fields of Alabama were next alluded to; from which fossil plants have been procured, by Prof. Brumby and Mr. Lyell of the genera *sphenopteris*, *neuropteris*, *calamites*, *lepidodendron*, *sigillaria*, *stigmaria*, and others, most of them identical in species, as determined by Mr. C. Bunbury, with fossils of Northumberland. This fact is the more worthy of notice, because the coal of Tuscaloosa—situated in lat. 33° 10' N.—is farther south than any region in which this ancient fossil flora had previously been studied, whether in Europe or North America; and it affords, therefore, a new proof of the wide extension of a uniform flora in the carboniferous epoch. Mr. Lyell—adverting to the opinion recently adopted by several able botanists, that the climate of the coal period was remarkable for its moisture, equability, and freedom from cold, rather than the intensity of its tropical

heat—stated that this conclusion, as well as the oscillations of temperature implied by the glacial period, are confirmatory of the theory first advanced by him, in 1830, to explain the ancient geological changes of climate, by geographical revolutions in the position of land and sea. The lapse of ages, implied by the distinctness of the fossils of the eocene, cretaceous, carboniferous, and other strata, is such, that, were we to endeavor to give an idea of it, we must estimate its duration, not by years, as in the case of the delta, but by such units as would be constituted by the interval between the beginning of the delta and our own times. "It is now fifty years," said Mr. Lyell, "since Playfair, after studying the rocks in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, in company with Dr. Hutton and Sir James Hall, was so struck with the evidence they afforded of the immensity of past time, that he observed, 'How much farther reason may go, than imagination can venture to follow!' These views were common to the most illustrious of his contemporaries; and since that time have been adopted by all geologists, whether their minds have been formed by the literature of France, or of Germany, or of Italy, or Scandinavia, or England;—all have arrived at the same conclusion respecting the great antiquity of the globe, and that, too, in opposition to their earlier prepossessions and to the popular belief of their age. It must be confessed that, while this unanimity is satisfactory as a remarkable test of truth, it is somewhat melancholy to reflect, that, at the end of half a century, when so many millions have passed through our schools and colleges since Playfair wrote that eloquent passage, there is still so great a discordance between the opinions of scientific men and the great mass of the community. Had there been annual gatherings, such as this, were they who are entitled to speak with authority address themselves to a numerous assembly, drawn from the higher classes of society, who, by their cultivation and influence, must direct the education and form the opinions of the many of humbler station, it is impossible that so undesirable and unsound a state of things should have now prevailed as that where there is one creed for the philosopher and another for the multitude. Had there been meetings like this, even for a quarter of a century, we should already have gained for geology the same victory that has been so triumphantly won by the astronomer. The earth's antiquity, together with the history of successive races of organic beings, would have been ere this as cheerfully and universally acknowledged as the earth's motion, or the number, magnitude, and relative distances of the heavenly bodies. I am sure it would be superfluous if I were to declare, in an assembly like this, my deep conviction, which you—all of you—share, that the further we extend our researches into the wonders of creation in time and space, the more do we exalt, refine, and elevate our conceptions of the Divine Artificer of the Universe."—Mr. Lyell concluded this discourse by announcing his corroboration of the discovery, recently made by Dr. King, at Greensburg, thirty miles from Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, of the occurrence of fossil foot-prints of a large reptilian, in the middle of the ancient coal-measures. They project, in relief, from the lower surfaces of slabs of sandstone; and are also found impressed on the subjacent layers of fine unctuous clay. This is the first well-established example of a vertebrated animal, more highly organized than fishes, being met with in a stratum of such high antiquity.

SECTION A.—MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.
SATURDAY.

"On Atmospheric Waves," by W. R. Birt.

"On the Recent Progress of Analysis," by Mr. Ellis.

"On the Attempts to explain the Projection of a Star on the Moon, during an Occultation," by Prof. Powell.

"On the Elastic Force of Vapor," by Capt. Shortrede.—The author adopts the experiments of the French Academy at high temperatures, and those of Magnus at low temperatures, as being the most carefully performed, and the most extensive of all yet available. In the Academy's experiments, the indications of the smaller thermometer in the steam are preferred to those of the larger thermometer in the water; because the temperature of the water increases with its depth, and always exceeds that of steam formed at its surface, besides the heat which may be necessary to overcome the cohesion of water in passing into vapor. It is probable, also, that the temperature of the steam in the manometer was, from exposure to the air, less than that of the steam in the boiler; so that the small thermometer may be expected to give the temperature too high, rather than too low.

"On the Principle of Continuity, in reference to Certain Results of Analysis," by Prof. Young.

MONDAY.

"On the Anemometer," by Prof. Phillips—in which he noticed a new principle as likely to be applicable for the production of instruments free from defects to be found in those now in use. In the anemometer thus suggested, it was proposed to measure the velocity of air by the rapidity of evaporation and the cold produced thereby. When the bulb of the thermometer, covered with cotton wool, is immersed in water and exposed to the air, the evaporation is known to produce a given amount of diminution of temperature; and when the thermometer is moved through the air, the rapidity of evaporation is increased. In the trials made by Prof. Phillips, he first ascertained the amount of diminution by simple exposure—and then raised the temperature by the heat of the hand to that of the air, and marked, by a second-watch, the rapidity of cooling when the hand was withdrawn. By repeating this process in tranquil air, and when the thermometer was in motion, he was enabled to ascertain the increased rates of cooling by various degrees of speed, and on the other hand to tell the amount of speed by the rapidity of cooling. He tested this instrument on the South-western Railway, and when the carriages were at the velocity of thirty-six miles an hour, his new anemometer indicated correctly the amount of velocity when it was held at the distance of two feet from the carriage. He did not profess to have constructed a perfect instrument, but his object was to call attention to the principle on which he thought an accurate instrument for measuring the velocity of the wind might be constructed.

Dr. Whewell said that the other avocations which engrossed his attention had for some time prevented his endeavoring to correct the few slight defects which the practical working of the anemometer, to which Prof. Phillips had alluded, detected; in particular, the accurate determination of the constant which connected its indications with the actual velocity of the wind at every instant. He now the less regretted this, as his friend, Dr. Rob-

inson had constructed, and worked for some months, an anemometer, the connection of the motion of which with the velocity of the wind was less subject to vary, and was of easy determination. A model of this he had exhibited to the mechanical section. It consisted of two or three arms, attached to a spindle, carrying at their extremities hollow hemispheres of tin or copper, with the hollows of the hemispheres all turned in the same direction. The force of the wind exerted on the concave surfaces being four times as great as that on the convex, the spindle was made to turn in the same direction, whatever way the wind blew. Attached to the spindle were the count wheels of a gasometer; and the velocity thus determined was exactly the one third of that of the wind. With respect to the elevation of the clouds, he had long practised a very simple mode of determining it.

"Method of Measuring the Height of Clouds," by Dr. Whewell.—I do not know whether it has been observed how easily the height of clouds may be measured when the reflection of them can be seen in a lake from a station above it. In that case the angle of elevation above the horizontal plane for any selected point of a cloud is not equal to the angle of depression of the image; for the latter angle is the angle of elevation of the cloud at the point of the lake where reflection takes place, and is, therefore, greater than the former. The difference of these two angles gives us the means of proving the height of the cloud.

Professor Stevelley stated that Dr. Robinson's anemometer had been at work since last November; and that so trivial was the friction, when compared with the power of the engine, that its motion was quite perceptible in breezes which were too gentle to disturb the leaves on neighboring poplar trees. This removed the only defect which Dr. Whewell complained of, as creating a difficulty in determining the relation of the velocity in his anemometer to that of the wind. Dr. Stevelley regretted that the absence of Dr. Robinson in another section prevented him from detailing on this occasion the very satisfactory experiments by which he had determined the relation between the velocity of the wind and that of the instrument. This had been accomplished by comparative observations with Lind's anemometer, and other modes of determining the rapidity of the current, and then comparing them with his own. The experimental determination had been in almost absolute accordance with the determination of theory.

"Fall of Rain on the Coast of Travancore, and Table-Land of Utray," from observations of Major General Cullen, resident in Travancore, by Colonel Sykes.

"On the Construction of a self-registered Barometer, Thermometer, and Psychrometer," by Mr. C. Brooke.

"On the Fall of Rain in the Lake Districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, &c., in the year 1845," by J. F. Miller.

"An Account of an Atmospheric Recorder," by G. Dollond.—It having appeared to be desirable, at the last meeting of the British Association, that a correct self-regulating apparatus should be constructed, by which the various changes of the atmosphere should be recorded upon paper in such manner that they might be referred to at a future period, and having invented an instrument which records the following eight variations, viz.—the barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, the electrometer, the pluviometer, the evaporator, the

force board, the anemometer, and the time—I now have the pleasure of offering to the present meeting a few remarks upon the subject, in order that, should the instrument merit their attention, I may enter into an explanation of its various qualities. I have found it answer the purpose for which it was intended, in every way, satisfactorily. 1st. The barometer is registered at every change which takes place in the weight of the atmosphere at every half-hour, and may be traced from one point to the next without any difficulty.—2d. The thermometer registers the various changes from cold in the night or morning, to the greatest heat in the afternoon, continuously.—3d. The hygrometer has the power of showing the changes from dryness to extreme saturation of moisture, to every hundredth of the scale, and is extremely steady in action.—4th. The electrometer is acted upon by a conductor, and registers each flash of lightning which comes within the range of the conductor.—5th. The pluviometer registers each drop of rain which falls upon the surface of the receiver, and shows the continuation of the falling quantity for every inch in superficies until the inch is discharged; when it again commences for another inch, which repeats the same course.—6th. The evaporator is so constructed as to retain a quantity of water with the surface exposed, and so guarded that rain cannot enter into the vessel. The surface gradually evaporates, forming a diagonal line upon the paper until an inch is evaporated, when a discharge takes place, and another commences.—7th. The force or power of the wind acts upon a board, 1 foot square, which is registered in pounds and ounces avoirdupois, from 1 ounce to thirty pounds.—8th. The direction of the wind is shown in circles; which, immediately upon inspection, shows the direction of the course or change which has taken place: for instance, if it has passed through the south or the north, from east to west; and the point from which it started and that to which it returned.—All these eight varieties have their scales about half an inch from the marking points, and can be very easily read or referred to. There are markers on each edge of the paper for time, which paper is carried forward by a clock.

Mr. Dollond gave an account of the storm as shown by this instrument at Camberwell, on the 1st of August, 1846, during his absence. The barometer changed from 30.03 to 29.82 in.; the thermometer from 69° to 98° during the day, or 24 hours. The hygrometer ranged from 39° to 80° of moisture. At 2 o'clock the electrometer was affected by the lightning, and registered 15 discharges or flashes in one hour. At 3h. 23m. the rain commenced falling; and in 2 minutes the pluviometer discharged an inch—which had previously stood at 11.90 in. for several days. At 4h. 3m. another inch was registered, and at 5h. 25m. a third inch was marked upon the registering paper; and so tremendous was the fall of rain and hail, that at 5h. 35m. a fourth inch was marked upon the paper, making, on the whole, 3.12 inches in 2h. 17m. The force of the wind was equal to 1lb. 4oz., and the direction changed from east to west, through the south, at 3h. 20m.—The secretary asked the probable cost of one of these instruments.—Mr. Dollond replied, about 150l.

"On the Meteorology of Jersey," by W. W. Childers.

TUESDAY.

A joint meeting of the Mathematical and Physi-

cal section (A.) and of the Physiological section (E.) took place to receive the two following communications:—

Professor Matteucci submitted a *résumé* of his latest researches in Electro-Physiology.—In the first place he described the experiments which prove that the development of electricity in living animals is a phenomenon peculiar to all organic tissues, and principally to muscular fibres, and that it is a necessary consequence of the chemical processes of nutrition. Professor Matteucci particularly wished to prove that the development of electricity in the muscles can never produce electric currents which circulate either in the muscular mass, or in the nerves. It is only by a particular arrangement of the experiment that we succeed in obtaining a muscular current. Further, all experiments contradict the opinion of an electrical current existing in the nerves. M. Matteucci proved that the current said to be proper to the frog is, on the contrary, a general phenomenon which exists in all the muscles that have tendinous extremities unequally distributed, and that this current supposed to be peculiar to the frog, is only a particular instance of muscular current.

In the second place, the professor laid before the section his last researches "On Electrical Fishes."—He showed that the laws of the electrical shock of these animals, are a necessary consequence of the development of electricity which is produced in each cell of the electrical organ under the influence of the nervous power.

In the third place, Professor Matteucci showed the relation which exists between the electrical current and nervous power. He proved that muscular contraction is always produced by a phenomenon analogous to the electrical spark, and that the electrical current does but modify the nervous excitability. On these facts, Professor Matteucci establishes a simple theory of electro-physiological phenomena.

In the last part of his communication, the professor treated of Inducted Contraction;—and, after having demonstrated that these phenomena cannot be explained in supposing an electrical discharge of any kind indiscriminately, he concluded, that inducted contraction is an elementary phenomenon of the nervous power, which acts in muscular contraction, and is analogous to all actions of induction of physical powers.

"On the Identity of certain Vital and Electro-Magnetic Laws," by Dr. Bullar.—The object of this paper was to show that the direction and formation of blood-vessels, and the capillary circulation through them, which is independent of the propulsive power of the heart, are in accordance with laws identical in their direction and relation to each other with those of the electro-magnetic force. The formation of blood and blood-vessels in the germinal membrane, which surrounds the embryo during the incubation of a hen's egg, was taken as a simple type of this process. The small whitish disk, on the yolk-bag, (the cicatrícula,) is the spot where the vital changes begin. The embryo occupies the centre of this spot, and becomes the centre of the vital force exerted by the mother's warmth. From this centre the force is communicated to the yolk-bag. The disk enlarges, still keeping its circular form, and marked by concentric circles, more or less perfect. The disk is produced by the conversion of the yolk into cells, which adhere as a thin circular layer. The circular form of this disk and the general concentric arrangement of the cells

were considered to indicate that the lines of vital force which arranged and preserved that form were circular. The next step is the conversion of a portion of these cells which form the disk into blood and blood-vessels. The trunks pass in the direction of radii of the original disk and central germ. The main trunks unite at the central heart, which is at first only a bent portion of the common trunk. The capillaries inosculate at the circumference. Thus the vessels form a complete circle. This circular arrangement of the vessels as radii indicates a second circular force at right angles to the plane of the former one. The next step is the formation of these vessels. Those called by Harvey "*vasa lutea*" are coarse, and the stages in their formation are more easily watched. They are formed in the substance of the disk, and out of the same material—the cells of the yolk. These cells continuing to accumulate, some are arranged as cylinders—then, in succession, as half-circles, circles, net-work, and trunks converging to the central embryo. At this stage, each vessel is a coarse yellowish cylinder, with a red streak down its axis. Externally it is composed of cells of various sizes, which can easily be brushed off from the transparent tube which they cover; and which is composed of smaller cells, and contains the red blood itself flowing towards the centre. The inference drawn was, that this tube, formed of cells around the current, is the evidence of a circumferential force around the current, arranging the cells as a tube. Such being the relation and direction of the vital force in arranging their forms, it was shown that it was in accordance with the direction of the electro-magnetic force. The law of this double force, which bears on the present inquiry, is, that, in order to act, both currents must circulate—that is, each must return into itself. That the galvanic force must circulate, is evident from the construction of the simple galvanic cell. The magnetic force accompanying the galvanic obeys the same law. It also circulates, but in a plane at right angles to the galvanic. Dr. Wollaston called it, in consequence, vertiginous magnetism. These two currents are inseparable. They are *directive forces* or *carrying*, according to the condition of the matter on which they act. What is true of the magnetic current round a single wire conveying the galvanic current, applies to two or more wires if put together as a ribbon, or to a slip of metal—the only difference being the increase of force in the latter instances. If the galvanic wire be bent in a circle, or several wires are arranged so as to form a series of concentric rings, or, which is the same thing, a spiral coil of wire be made, the magnetic force still retains the same direction as in the first instance; but as the whole of the wire acts upon the circle of force, it makes it move through the centre of the ring or coil. If such a spiral coil be placed on iron filings, they arrange themselves in lines, passing through the centre parallel to its axis, and then folding up on either side as radii round the edge, where they meet. These experiments were quoted from Dr. Faraday. Such a spiral coil, through which galvanic force circulates, was considered to represent the disk around the embryo: the iron filings, representing the direction of the capillary vessels, arranged circularly in a plane, at right angles to the disk, by the magnetic force accompanying the galvanic. From comparing the two, the conclusion was drawn that, in both cases, the forces at work obey the same laws: that the formation of a circular living disk, by a central force constantly acting,

proves the existence of a circular force around that centre, and is analogous to a flat spiral or disk, through which the galvanic force is circulating; and that this vital force in the disk is necessarily attended by a second circulating force in the direction of radii to it, such as is indicated by the arrangement of vessels to and from the centre. The actual movements of the molecules in this living process are invisible, as it is one of growth; but the form produced is explicable on the hypothesis that the living force acts in accordance with the laws of a force the direction and selection of which have been ascertained. The truth of this analogy is rendered still more probable by the relation between heat and galvanism, discovered by Seubeck. If a current of heat, instead of a current of galvanism, be made to circulate through the spiral coil of wire, it will, like galvanism, develop magnetic currents in the direction of radii to the centre. Now, the mother's heat is the source which supplies power to the embryo. In both these instances—in the metal coil of wire and in the living disk—the force is in the form of heat. In both there is a primary concentric arrangement of matter for the transmission of this force; and in both there is the evidence of a second circular force at right angles to the first. If, instead of the arrangement of the galvanic wire as a flat spiral coil, the rings are arranged side by side, as a spiral tube or helix, then the second or magnetic force would be through its axis. It would be a tube which, if placed in water, would carry one pole of a magnetic needle, floated on cork, through it; and iron filings would arrange themselves in a circular line going through the helix, round on the outside, returning into itself—(Faraday.) The spiral galvanic force here produces the current through the tube. The converse would be true. It was then shown how these laws were applicable to the formation of vessels. Blood is first formed; and when it circulates a tube is formed around it. The current of blood indicates a force through the axis of the tube; the tube itself indicates a circumferential force around the current to arrange its materials as a tube. The tubes are arranged circularly, meeting at the heart in the centre, and at the capillaries in the circumference. The living tube, if it followed electro-magnetic laws, would have (like the spiral coil of wire through which the galvanic force was circulating) a circular force through its axis; and, conversely, this current would tend to form a tube around itself—supposing always appropriate materials. The vital force has evidently appropriate materials in the form of cells. Those cells, which exposed to oxygen become converted into red globules, are moved in a current; thus showing that they are fit matter for the influence of vital force in one direction, and that such a force is moving them;—whereas the smaller and transparent cells are arranged round the current as a tube; thus showing a second force at work around the first. There is a current in one direction, and a tube around it; neither tube nor current can be explained without the assumption of a moving power: both are readily explained by two circular forces having the same relation to each other as the electro-magnetic. The cells out of which the disk and vessels are built have been regarded so far as under the influence of forces external to them. But each cell has a life and force of its own, similar in kind to the central force, but less in degree. The central force subordinates all lesser forces, and makes the disk one. Entomologists have shown that the earliest

appearance of organization in the ova of plants and ova of animals is a cell, and that such cell has a nucleus, and each nucleus a nucleolus, or central spot—which is the essential part of each cell—and, though destitute of matter, has the power of forming cells, and arranging them round it. Dr. Barry has shown that each secondary cell becomes, in its turn, the centre of a similar action; smaller ones being generated and arranged round the larger ones. Professor Goodsir finds that the inner membrane of the tubes of glands is formed of cells, and that nucleated cells are found among them, which he calls centres of nutrition, as if these nucleated cells were the parents of successive broods of young cells passing off from them. These centres of nutrition are here called centres of force; and, according to the law of this force, there would be a common centre, bringing all these isolated centres into one comprehensive whole. The vascular disc of the yolk-bag had been taken as a central fact, the right comprehension of which would explain other facts of the same kind, but more complex. Its application to some few facts in physiology was then shown:—such as the formation of new blood-vessels; the tubular form of vessels and of ducts among cells; of circulation through capillaries, independently of the contraction of their coats, or of the propulsive power of the heart; and of that universal fact that, wherever there is a central heart, there are powers at work, which neither its propulsive power nor capillary action can explain, of forming new vessels in connection with the old ones. Such a universal fact becomes a law, when the cause is shown. This cause or law, now proposed as the solution of these living processes, is, that the vital force circulating in two directions, one circle being in a plane at right angles to the other—thus identical in direction with the electro-magnetic force—will explain the phenomena. Or, in other words, that wherever there is a central moving force there is a power at work around and to and from that centre, capable of arranging fit matter as tubes, and of circulating fluid to a certain extent through them, and that the tubular formation is owing to a vital power identical in its direction with the galvanic; and the radiated arrangement of these vessels, and the circulation (to a certain extent) of fluid through them, are dependent on a power accompanying the former, and identical in its direction with the magnetic force. The conclusion was not drawn that the vital and electro-magnetic forces were the same, but that the direction and relation of both forces were identical.

Sir J. Herschel said, as the authors had placed before the sections their opinions of the origin of muscular contractions and motions, he would also mention an opinion of his own, merely in the form of a guess for future consideration. There were three things to be noted in the entire phenomenon;—the first was mental, viz., the determination of the will; the second was an effort, the existence of which became manifest by the consequent weariness; the third was the force which resulted and manifested itself in the effect produced. Now, here it appeared that a link was wanting between the second and third; and to supply that link was the object of the present inquiries. The idea he wished to throw out was, that the individual portions of muscular fibre might consist of something like spheroids inclosed in outer coverings; and that, in the quiescent state of the muscle, these spheroids might all lie with their major axes or longer dimensions along the length of the muscle,

and then by an excitation of electric currents around them, caused by the will and consequent effort either circulating through the surrounding tissues or suitable nerves, a reversal of polarity might cause these spheroids to reverse their major and minor axes, and thus cause the entire muscle to swell out at right angles to its previous length.—Dr. Carpenter stated that by the aid of powerful microscopes it was easy to see, in a properly prepared muscle, that its several distinct fibres were divided into oblong cells. In the act of muscular contraction these cells contracted in their longer dimensions, and were thus forced to swell out in their shorter.

“Account of some new Experiments in Electro-Magnetism,” by Prof. Wartmann.—Since the discovery made last year by Dr. Faraday of the action of magnets upon polarized light passing through different media, it became interesting to ascertain whether this influence is limited to the rotation of the plane of polarization of the ray. Numerous experiments have shown that no change whatever is undergone by the fixed lines of the spectrum, either in position, or in quantity, or visibility, when they are produced by rays of natural or artificial light, common or polarized, which have been made to go through different substances—such as air, nitrous acid gas, water, alcohol, oil of turpentine, syrup of sugar, a solution of ferruginous alum, or a long prism of flint glass—put in the sphere of action of powerful electro-magnets. As far as those researches have been brought, they lead to the conclusion that neither light nor the medium suffers any constitutional derangement which could alter the property of the ray to be partially absorbed when it is refracted through a prism. The view generally entertained by foreign philosophers as to the real action of the magnet being one upon the material substance which gives way to the luminous ray, it became necessary to test whether the new magnetical state of molecular equilibrium would not be concordant with some new properties of chemical affinity. Indeed, it has long ago been asserted by Ritter, Fresnel, Hansteen, Murchman, Lodecke, Murray, and others, and more recently by Mr. Hunt, that the magnets have a decided influence upon chemical phenomena. I have taken advantage of powerful electro-magnets, which are put in action by sixty pairs of Bansen’s battery, to make some fresh trials upon the subject, convinced that such means would afford me an opportunity of witnessing, if any, far more decisive actions than those which have been described. But all my attempts have proved unsuccessful to produce any difference in the electrolysis of acidulated water, of ferruginous dissolutions, or in the electro-chemical decomposition of sulphate of copper, or of acetate of lead by soft iron. All the results have been carefully and repeatedly tested by accurate weighings; and in the case of the electrolysis of water, I employed electrodes of soft iron, gilt by electrical process and supported by the very poles of the magnets, with the interposition of a film of mica as thin as possible. The apparatus has been placed in all directions relative to terrestrial magnetism, and the poles of artificial magnets have been made to act both separately and together, without any different result whatever. But in expressing this my opinion I must add, that I mean not to say that magnetism is not able to interfere with molecular disposition, which is a quite different view of the subject, that has not, perhaps, been sufficiently distinguished by the former one. Indeed, we have

ample evidence that this is the case under favorable circumstances. These experimental inquiries have led me to ascertain two facts, which it may, perhaps, not be improper to state here. If a chemical action is produced by the immersion of two pieces of soft iron into a liquid which is able to corrode them, or to be decomposed by the metal, and if the poles of a magnet be applied upon these cores, an electro-magnetic rotation takes place all round each, which is in the sense of the hypothetic current of Ampère.—Prof. Grove has just pointed out to me that such an action had been stated by Dr. Christie, though, as far as I know, it has been referred to by no treatise on electro-magnetism, and that he himself had witnessed the phenomenon many times. The other fact seems to be of a higher interest, since it discloses, as it were, to the eye what may be called the lines of chemical affinities. I shall now content myself by merely describing what I have been able to witness, and to show to many scientific men—reserving for a future occasion to complete this communication, and to dwell upon the theoretical part of the subject. Common sulphate of copper is to be dissolved in water, and a cylinder of soft iron shall be deposited in it. As soon as the first deposit of copper has taken place, it is easy to perceive all round the cylinder light films of a blue matter, which are extending themselves as diverging rays from the very centre of the cylinder, which may be thought to represent the centre of the chemical action. I suppose this substance to be a subsulphate of copper, and Prof. K. Rosé is of the same opinion; but from want of time and scarcity of matter I have not yet been able to submit it to analysis. During its manifestations proceeding, the nature of the liquid is always varying, sulphate of iron taking the room of a corresponding quantity of sulphate of copper. When this change has reached a certain extent the phenomenon ceases to widen more. It is then like to a large passion-flower, with slender stamina, terminated by a continuous circular and opaque edge of thick antheræ. Its description, which is altogether independent of the nature and the form of the vessel, is very geometrical. After half an hour, more or less, this extraordinary design fades, by the deposition of the matter at the bottom of the trough. When two cylinders are used in the same plate, two of the rays meet, perpendicularly, each other, on the line of shortest distance of the centres. Others join in direction more and more oblique, and, being totally deprived of the faculty of entering their relative dominions, they incurve themselves in hyperbolic arches. Thus a perfectly straight line is formed, which cuts into two halves the line of shortest interval. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the rays which are not to meet others extend as in the first case described. With three centres situated at the summit of an equilateral triangle, the lines of separation intersect each other in a point, which is at equal distance from the summit, and thence run perpendicular to three sides of the triangle. The diverging rays, opposite in two directions, are much inflected. The whole of the figure is perfectly regular. These rays are not affected in their development by the magnetization of the cylinders;—at least, if one observation made on this point suffices for pronouncing upon it. If there are but two cylinders, and if they are lifted up in the liquid by means of an appropriate horse-shoe magnet, it is possible to move them very slowly without any disturbance of the whole of the figure—and particularly without the least

incurvature of the line of separation, which follows the cylinders backwards and forwards, as if firmly tied together. But a shock loosens all those particles geometrically adherent: they fall down and all design vanishes.

“On the Deviation of Falling Bodies from the Perpendicular,” by Prof. Oersted.—I shall give a short history of these experiments, as far as this can be done by memory without any assistance of books. The first experiments of merit were made, I think, in 1793, by Prof. Guglielmini. He made bodies fall from a height of 231 feet. As the earth rotates from west to east, each point in or upon her describes an arc proportioned to its distance from the axis; and, therefore, the falling body has, from the beginning of the fall, a greater tendency towards east than the point of the surface which lies perpendicularly below it. Thus, it must strike a point lying somewhat easterly to the perpendicular. Still, the difference is so small, that great heights are necessary for giving only a deviation of some tenth parts of an inch. The experiments of Guglielmini gave indeed such a deviation; but at the same time they gave a deviation to the south, which was not in concordance with the mathematical calculations. Laplace objected to these experiments, that the author had not immediately verified his perpendicular, but only some months afterwards. In the beginning of this century, Dr. Benzenberg undertook new experiments, from a height of about 240 feet. The book in which he describes his experiments contains, in an appendix, researches and illustrations upon the subject from Gauss and Olbers; to which several abstracts of older researches are added. The paper of Gauss is ill printed, and therefore difficult to read; but the result is, that the experiments of Benzenberg should give a deviation of 395 French lines. The mean of his experiments gave 399; but they gave a still greater deviation to the south. Though the experiments here quoted seem to be highly satisfactory in point of the eastern deviation, I cannot consider them to be so in truth; for it is but right to state that these experiments have considerable discrepancies among themselves, and that their mean, therefore, cannot be of great value. In some other experiments made afterwards in a deep pit, Dr. Benzenberg obtained only the easterly deviation; but they seem not to deserve more confidence. Greater faith is to be placed in the experiments tried by Prof. Reich in a pit of 504 feet, at Freiberg. Here the easterly deviation was also found in good agreement with the calculated result; but a considerable southern deviation was observed. I am not sure that I remember the numbers obtained; but I must state that they, though not in the same degree as those of Dr. Benzenberg, were means of experiments which differed much among themselves. Prof. Reich has published his researches. An abstract is to be found in Poggendorff's *Annalen de Physie*. After all this, there can be no doubt that our knowledge upon this subject is imperfect, and that new experiments are to be desired; but these are so expensive, that it is not probable that they would be performed with all means necessary to their perfection without the concurrence of the British Association. I will here state the reasons which seem to recommend such an undertaking. 1. The art of measurement has made great progress in later times, and is here exercised in great perfection. 2. All kinds of workmanship can be obtained here in the highest perfection. I think it would not be impossible to have an air-tight cylinder, of some

hundred feet high, made for the purpose. This would, indeed, be expensive, but it would present this advantage—that the experiments could be made in a vacuum and in different gases. 3. With these experiments, others could be connected upon the celerity of the fall, and the resistance opposed to it by the air, and by gases. Prof. Wheatstone's method for measuring the time would here be of great use. 4. If the southern deviation should be confirmed, experiments could be undertaken, in order to discover in how far this could be effected by magnetism in motion. For this purpose bulbs of different metals might be tried. Very movable magnetical needles, well sheltered, but placed sufficiently near to the path of the falling bodies, would indicate magnetical effects induced in them.

Sir J. Herschel said, that from a conversation with M. Oersted he had been inclined to think that the deviation of falling bodies towards the south in these northern latitudes—which was an observed fact, although hitherto unaccounted for—might receive an explanation from the circumstance that electrical currents were known to be in circulation round the earth in the direction of parallels of latitude; and as a current is always excited in a body moving across such a current, these would give rise to a mutual repulsion, causing the deflection towards the south. But inasmuch as their action would be but momentary were the velocity constant, and is developed in proportion to the variation of the velocity, hence, since the velocity increases uniformly with the time, a uniformly-acting force is the result; and the total deviation, therefore, towards the south would be in the proportion of the height from which the body descended, since it is easy to see that its entire course would be rectilinear. This fact, therefore, which could readily be determined by well conducted observations, would be a decisive test of the soundness of the opinion; and this was the chief object which M. Oersted had in view. From a conversation, however, which he since had with Mr. Grove, he was inclined to be more doubtful of this explanation. Mr. Grove said, that inasmuch as a falling body was moving between electrical currents, placed both north and south of its line of fall, in his opinion the effect of the one would counterbalance that of the other, so as together to produce no effect.—M. Oersted said that his present object was merely to induce competent persons to undertake well-directed experiments for ascertaining whether there truly was a southerly deviation of falling bodies or not.

"On the Results of an extensive series of Magnetic Investigation, including most of the known varieties of Steel," by W. Petrie.—The following is an abstract:—

Process of manufacture to produce permanent magnets, having the greatest fixity and capacity conjointly secured.—1. The original iron should be the purest soft iron, charcoal made, (not coke;) the Swedish, from the *Dunnamore* mine, is better than any other. 2. Converted—with pure charcoal; it should be carbonized *lightly*, and the process to be stopped when the bars, of the usual thickness, are "*scarcely steel through*," yet so that it will harden with certainty, without an undue heat. 3. Sorted—with attention to homogeneous conversion, &c., according to the ordinary rules. 4. Melted—the pot kept covered, and not longer than necessary in fusion. 5. Cast—into a large ingot, so as to allow of its being well rolled out singly, before it becomes reduced to the requisite thinness. 6. Rolled—

while hot from casting, to save a second heating; it should not be doubled over, nor sheared and fagoted; the rolling should be conducted at as low a temperature as convenient, as it thereby acquires a harder, closer texture, and finer grain. 7. In cutting into shape, the substance (if large or of varied form) should not be strained, as by boring with "*rymers*," or straitening (oftener than is unavoidable) with the hammer, as it is then apt to warp, and to have unseen commencements of cracks on becoming subsequently hardened. More carbonization than that previously described as best is of little injury to the magnetic goodness of the steel, provided it be so prepared as to preserve a homogeneous and *white* appearance of fracture when hardened, which is not so easily managed as with that of lower carbonization; but if it be again carbonized *more* than usual, (as razor steel, or above that,) it rather improves; and again an increase deteriorates it as in cast iron, and a further increase again improves it. In short, *in the scale of carbonization there is a succession of continually decreasing maxima of advantage.*

"On the Mode of Developing the Magnetic Condition," by Dr. Scoresby.

"On a New Portable Equatoreal Stand for a Telescope," by Dr. Green.

"On a New Portable Azimuth Compass," by Mr. Dent.—Mr. Dent exhibited this instrument. The magnetic needle was suspended in an inner case, and that again fitted in an outer case, in such a manner as to admit of having either its ends reversed so as to eliminate errors of centering; or its faces reversed so as to eliminate the error of culmination.

"On a New Dark Eye-piece, and a new Mode of Contracting the Aperture of the Object Glasses of Telescopes," by Mr. Lawson.—Mr. Lawson described the several failures which he had experienced while endeavoring to protect the eye from the violent action of the sun's light and heat. At length he succeeded, by prolonging the eye tube beyond the glasses, and placing in the side of the prolongation a slit capable of admitting the colored plate glasses to be introduced or withdrawn. By this position being assigned to them, he found that they answered the end required effectually; while they were themselves placed in a position where the concentration of the heat and light upon them could not, in the slightest degree, injure them. He described several spots which he had observed on the sun's disk last spring. His method of contracting the aperture was by an outer tube sliding on the eye-piece tube, something like the spray tube of a common telescope. This, by being drawn out into the tube, more or less, will stop off more or less of the cone of rays proceeding from the object glass to the eye-piece.

"On a new Multiplying Condenser," by A. F. Svanberg.

"On the Meteorological Observations at Kew; with an Account of the Photographic Self-registering Apparatus," by Mr. F. Ronalds.

SECTION B.—CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

MONDAY.

"On Comparative Analytical Researches on Sea Water," by Prof. Forchhammer.—In the ocean between Europe and America the greatest quantity of saline matter is found in the tropical region, far from any land; in such places 1,000 parts of sea water contain 36.6 parts of salt. This quantity

diminishes in approaching the coast, on account of the masses of fresh water which the rivers throw into the sea: it diminishes, likewise, in the westernmost part of the gulf stream, where I only found it to be 35.9 in 1,000 parts of water. By the evaporation of the water of this warm current, its quantity of saline matter increases towards the east, and reaches, in N. lat. $39^{\circ} 39'$ and N. long. $55^{\circ} 16'$, its former height of 36.5. From thence it decreases slowly towards the north-east; and sea water, at a distance of from sixty to eighty miles from the western shores of England, contains only 35.7 parts of solid substances; and the same quantity of salt is found all over the north-eastern part of the Atlantic, as far to the north as Iceland, always at such a distance from the land that the influence of fresh water is avoided. From numerous observations made on the shores of Iceland and the Faroe islands, it is evident that the water of the Gulf stream spreads over this part of the Atlantic Ocean;—and thus we see that the water of tropical currents will keep its character even in high northern latitudes. In the longitude of Greenland, and more than 100 miles to the south of the southernmost point of that large tract of land, sea water contains only 35.0 in 1,000 parts. In going from this point towards the north-west, it decreases constantly; and in Dover Straits, at a distance of about forty miles from the land, it only contains 32.5 parts of salt in 1,000 parts of sea water. This character seems to remain in the current which runs parallel to the shores of North America; and at N. lat. $43^{\circ} 43'$ and N. long. 46° the sea water contained only 33.8 parts of salt. Thus tropical and polar currents seem not only to be different in respect to their temperature, but also in the quantity of salt which they contain; and thence it follows, again, that while the quantity of water carried away from the *tropical sea* by evaporation is greater than that which rain and the rivers give back to that sea, the reverse takes place in the *polar seas*, where evaporation is very small and the condensation of vapor very great. The circulation must on that account be such, that a part of the vapor which rises in tropical zones will be condensed in polar regions, and, in the form of polar currents, flow back again to warmer climates. Although my analyses are only made on water from the ocean between Europe and America, yet little doubt can be entertained that also that part of the ocean which separates America from Asia is in a similar condition; and that currents flowing from the poles are the rule, and currents flowing towards the poles the exception. Besides the southerly direction, which any current flowing from the northern polar regions must take, it will, according to well-known physical laws depending upon the rotation of the earth, always take a direction towards the west, and thus be driven towards the eastern shores of the continents; while any tropical current flowing towards the north will, according to the same laws of rotation, take a direction towards the western shores of the continents. This is at present the case in the Atlantic Ocean; and its effects upon the shores of Europe, which by a branch of a tropical current are surrounded by warm water, produce a mild and moist climate. The water of the different seas is much more uniform in its composition than is generally believed. In that respect my analyses agree with the newer analyses of atmospheric air in showing that the differences are very slight indeed. Sea water may contain more or less salt—from a very small quantity, as in the interior part of the Baltic, to an amount of 37.1

parts in 1,000 parts, which I found in water from Malta, and which is the greatest quantity I ever observed; but the relative proportion of its constituent saline parts changes very little. In order to get rid of those differences which might arise from the different quantity of saline matter in sea water, I have compared sulphuric acid and lime with chlorine, and the following results are the mean of many analyses:—In the Atlantic, the proportion between chlorine and sulphuric acid is 10,000 to 1,188; this is the mean of twenty analyses, which differ very little from each other. In the sea between the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, the same proportion, according to the mean of seventeen analyses, is 10,000 to 1,193. In the German Ocean, according to ten analyses, it is 10,000 to 1,191. In Davis' Straits, according to the mean of five analyses, it is 10,000 to 1,220. In the Kattegat, according to the mean of four analyses 10,000 to 1,240.—Thus it appears that the proportion of sulphuric acid increases near the shores; a fact which evidently depends upon the rivers carrying sulphate of lime into the sea. The proportion between chlorine and lime in the Atlantic Ocean, according to the mean result of seventeen analyses, is 10,000 to 297; and in the sea between Faroe and Greenland, according to the mean of eighteen analyses, 10,000 to 300. Lime is rather rare in the sea around the West Indian Islands, where millions of coralline animals constantly absorb it—the proportion, according to five analyses, being 10,000 to 247; and it is rather copious in the Kattegat, where the numerous rivers of the Baltic carry a great quantity of it into the ocean. The proportion is there, according to four analyses, 10,000 to 371.

“On the Changes which Mercury sometimes suffers in Glass Vessels hermetically sealed,” by Prof. Ørsted.—It has been frequently noticed that mercury inclosed in glass tubes, even when those tubes were hermetically sealed, undergoes a remarkable change. It first becomes covered by a thin film of a yellow color, which adheres to the glass, and becomes eventually nearly black. This has been attributed to oxidation; but the oxidation which would arise from the exceedingly small quantity of atmospheric air which could be contained within the bulbs exhibited by Prof. Ørsted was too small to account for the formation of such a quantity of dark and yellow powder as many of them exhibited. Prof. Ørsted referred the change on the mercury, to the action of that metal on the glass of which the bulb was formed. It appears that sulphate of soda is frequently employed in the manufacture of glass; and it is thought that a sulphuret of mercury is formed by the decomposition of the glass itself. This is not, however, proved; and it has only been brought forward that attention might be directed to a subject which appeared to involve some remarkable conditions.

Mr. Hunt observed that if glass was exposed to the influence of the solar rays, a molecular change was induced on the surface; and that if the glass was exposed to mercurial vapor, and then, with the vapor upon it, set aside for a few days, the mercury entered into combination with the glass, and left a permanent stain upon it.—Mr. Pearsall remarked on the condition in which glass apparatus is frequently found, from the influence of mercury upon it.

“On a Second New Metal, Pelopium, contained in the Bavarian Tantalite,” by Prof. H. Rosé.—In a former communication it had been shown that the so-called Tantalie acid which occurs in the Boden-

mais in Bavaria, consisted of two acids—one of which differed materially from all known acids. To this, Prof. Rosé gave the name of Niobium, regarding it as a new metallic oxide. After a most elaborate investigation, Prof. Rosé has found that the other acid contains another oxide of a metal differing from Niobium, and to this metal he has given the name of Pelopium from Pelops, the son of Tantalus, and the brother of Niobe. The Tantalite of Bavaria is, therefore, now shown to contain three metals—Tantalite, Niobium, and Pelopium. These differ from each other in specific gravity, and they exhibit different and peculiar chemical properties.

"On Crystallography and a New Goniometer," by Dr. Leeson.

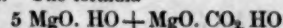
"Analysis of The American Mineral Nematite," by Prof. Connell.—This mineral bears a striking resemblance to asbestos, so that by the eye it can hardly be distinguished from it. It was first chemically examined by Mr. Nuttall, who ascertained that it differs entirely in constitution from asbestos; and concluded, from his experiments, that it consists essentially of magnesia and water, with a little oxide of iron and lime. It was subsequently examined by Dr. Thompson, according to whom it also contains 12½ per cent. of silica. The constituents found by the latter were—

Magnesia,	51.721
Silica,	12.568
Peroxide of Iron,	5.874
Water,	29.666
	99.829

The result which I have obtained differs somewhat from both the preceding. According to both the previous experimenters the mineral is soluble in acids without effervescence. But I have found that even perfectly fresh portions of the specimens which I have of the mineral from Hoboken, in America, sensibly effervesce when dissolved in acids, showing some carbonic acid to be contained in it. I have also found only a very minute quantity of silica, the mineral leaving scarcely any residue when dissolved. The amount of water was determined by ascertaining the quantity of water collected by ignition in a tube of German glass twice bent, and containing at one end fused chloride of calcium. The carbonic acid was estimated by the loss of weight on treating a portion of the mineral with dilute acid, in a little bottle connected with a tube containing chloride of calcium. The solid constituents were determined by ordinary methods. The result was—in 100 parts—

Magnesia,	57.86
Protoxide of Iron,	2.84
Silica,	0.80
Water,	27.96
Carbonic Acid,	10.
	99.46

Considering the protoxide of iron to replace a little magnesia, the mineral appears to be a combination of hydrate of magnesia and hydrated carbonate of magnesia. The formula



will nearly express its constitution, and gives—

Magnesia,	61.67
Water,	27.24
Carbonic Acid,	11.09
	100.

The native hydrated carbonate of zinc (*zinkblüthe*) is a mineral of analogous constitution.

"On Cavendish's Experiment respecting Re-production of Nitric Acid," by Dr. Daubeny.—Dr. Daubeny stated the result of some experiments he had instituted with the view of ascertaining whether the production of nitric acid by electricity, as was first effected by Cavendish, really arose from the direct union of oxygen with nitrogen, or was produced indirectly through the presence of minute portions of ammonia. For this purpose he deprived the air, through which the electrical sparks were to be passed, of water and of any traces of ammonia that might have been contained in it, by allowing it to stand in contact with concentrated sulphuric acid for some time previous to the commencement of the experiment. Even in this case, although the air had been in contact with no liquid except the mercury over which it was confined, the usual diminution of volume took place after the electrical sparks had been passed through it, and solution of litmus when introduced into the tube became sensibly reddened. Hence the author infers, that nitrogen does combine directly with oxygen, as it is now known to do with carbon; but he still questions whether it can do so with gaseous hydrogen, since ammonia cannot be formed, as nitric acid is, by means of electricity, and as in all the cases in which ammonia has been produced artificially one of the elements appears to have existed in what is called a nascent state. But if nitrogen can be made to combine directly with oxygen, how comes it that, through the operation of thunderstorms, the composition of the whole atmosphere has not before this time been changed by the production in it of considerable quantities of nitric acid? This the author explains by the small amount of heat generated by the union of the two gases; owing to which only those particles combine which lie contiguous to the line of the electrical spark: whereas, in other cases, as in that of the union of oxygen with hydrogen, so much heat is generated by the union of those particles which are affected by the passage of the electrical spark, that a condensation of other portions of the mixture results, whence will arise an union of more of the particles and an extraction of a larger amount of heat. In this way the explosion propagates itself through all parts of the mixture with a rapidity which causes it to be considered by us as instantaneous. In all cases, however, in which gaseous elements that can remain together without acting upon each other are made to unite, the *modus operandi*, whether it be by electricity, heat, or (as in the case of porous bodies) by adhesive affinity, appears to be the same; that is, such a condensation of the respective gases as shall bring their particles within the sphere of their mutual affinity.

Report "On Crystalline Slags," by Dr. Percy and Prof. Miller.—The formation of crystals of remarkable regularity and beauty in the slags of the iron furnaces, and also in the slags from the copper smelting, has long excited curiosity; but, until the present time, no attempt has been made to account for their production, under the singular circumstances in which they are formed—often at the highest temperature of the iron furnaces. At the York Meeting, Dr. Percy and Prof. Miller undertook to investigate this matter. The crystallographic department has rested with Prof. Miller, and the chemical examination has been confided to Dr. Percy. At this meeting, many slags were exhibited, of which the analyses were given—and also

the measures and angles of the crystals. These analyses will all appear in the "Transactions" of the Association. The important bearing of this inquiry on geological phenomena was strikingly pointed out. By it a clue may be obtained to many of the curious crystalline formations which have been points of dispute amongst the most eminent cultivators of geological science. These crystals are found, many of them, to be quite analogous to natural crystals—and they have, in both cases probably, been formed alike under the influence of intense heat. The report is not complete; and it is the intention of the authors to extend the inquiry much further than they have yet been enabled to do. They solicit from the manufacturer crystalline slags for examination; and it is their intention to examine the amount of impurities a crystal may contain without losing its native character.

"On the Electricity of Tension in the Voltaic Battery," by J. P. Gassiot.

MONDAY.

SECTION C.—GEOLOGY.

Prof. Forchhammer read a paper "On Sea Water, and its difference in various Currents," and tried to show what influence a change in such currents might have had upon the climate of the north of Europe; since, from the inquiries of Prof. Stenstrup and Lovén respecting the changes in the forest trees and marine animals indicated a slow increase of the mean temperature of northern Europe. To account for this, he supposed the British Channel to have been closed, and a polar current to pass over the lower part of northern Russia into the Bothnian Gulf, and thence into the German Ocean. The separation of England from France was supposed to have taken place in recent times; and without quoting the zoological evidence collected by British naturalists, he would refer to physical features—such as the various changes which the Rhine and the Scheldt suffer at their mouths, and which even the smallest rivulet on the western shore of the Cimbrian Peninsula assumes. These rivers turn their mouths towards that side from which the tide comes—one having, in historical times, changed its mouth more than thirty miles to the south. The mouth of the Rhine has been known for about 2000 years; and since the time of the Romans, when it flowed straight towards the north, where at present the Luidereia is, it has been seen constantly turning towards the west. From this change, he inferred a change in the direction of the tide—which he supposes to have arrived formerly at the coast of Holland from the north, instead of from the west, as at present. The marshes on the southern and eastern sides of the German Ocean become broader in proportion as they approach the mouth of the present channel; a circumstance the very reverse of what might have been expected under present circumstances, since the clay is never deposited when there is any considerable motion in the water. On the contrary, if the channel were shut up, then the present locality of the marshes would be that best adapted for their formation: from which he infers that the principal marshes were formed before the opening of the channel. The earliest accounts of the channel date from the fourth century, *a. c.*, and at the time of Alexander the Great, we find that news about a very great inundation in the northern countries (the Cimbrian flood) had reached Greece; and a tradition still existing in Jutland combines

such a flood with the opening of the channel. Along all the western part of the Cimbrian Peninsula occurs a bed of pebbles, and in some places of rolled pieces of the clay of the marshes, which must be ascribed to an inundation washing away the lighter materials. This inundation the author regards as that of which both history and tradition speak; and he thinks it was occasioned by the first opening of the channel. These changes were in close connexion with a depression of the greater part of northern and western Europe; which is indicated along the coasts of Denmark and England by submerged forests and peat-mosses. At the shores of the Dukedom of Sleswig a *tumulus* has been found in a submerged forest; it contained knives of flint, and shows that the subsidence took place after the country was inhabited. The continuous elevation of the North of Europe would lead to this result—that the White Sea, in times not far remote, would flow over the lower parts of Russia and Finland, bringing cold water and masses of ice, into the German Ocean, then a bay receiving its waters also round the northern coast of Scotland, which must have materially influenced its climate, making it colder than it is now.

Sir H. De La Beche contended that the separation of England from the continent had not been a violent movement; but one brought about by causes operating during a long period of time; breakers must have been chiefly instrumental in removing the materials which once filled up the channel.—Dr. Buckland also doubted whether the separation of the Straits of Dover had taken place within the historic period.—Mr. Lyell stated that there had been several oscillations of level since the present chalk cliffs existed, which must have been considerable, since it allowed of the formation of the Elephant bed at the base of the cliffs at Brighton; in which the remains of that animal were imbedded together with those of whales. He considered the period of separation from the continent not historical, but indefinitely remote.—Mr. Forbes remarked that Prof. Forchhammer seemed to have confused the deposits of several distinct periods. In many parts of this country and in Ireland there were beds of sand and clay containing shells of molluscous animals mostly now inhabiting our seas, but very inferior in number to those now living, and equivalent to the group now found on the coast of Labrador. Above these were the submerged forest, and higher still another series—such as had been discovered in the basin of the Clyde, containing an assemblage of fossils, all recent; and many of them eminently characteristic of the present climate.

"Sketch of the Geological Structure of Australia," by J. B. Jukes.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

"On the Vertebrate Structure of the Skull," by Prof. Owen.

SUB-SECTION E.—ETHNOLOGY.

Mr. Jukes read a brief notice "On the Aborigines of Newfoundland."—His information on this race he stated to be derived from Mr. Peyton, who possessed, of all men now living, the best opportunities of personal knowledge of them. According to Mr. Peyton's opinion, the red men of Newfoundland were the same race as the Red Indians of North America; and they were certainly not at all allied to the Esquimaux race, whom they held in the greatest abhorrence, while on the contrary they

carried on a friendly intercourse with the Indians on the coast of Labrador, to whom the last remnants of the race have passed over, and they, probably, are incorporated with them.

Dr. Latham offered a few remarks on a New-foundland Vocabulary.—He stated that the philological evidence corroborates the opinion advanced by Mr. Jukes, the vocabulary having a strong affinity to that of the Red Indians, and being quite different from that of the Esquimaux.—Dr. King stated that he had held the contrary opinion, and from historical evidence, going as far back as the period of Sebastian Cabot, he had come to the conclusion that they were really an Esquimaux tribe; nor did he think the evidence now adduced sufficient to alter his former opinion.

Mr. Jukes read a paper "On the Varieties of the Human Race in the Neighborhood of Torres Straits."—The author stated that in the years 1843, 4, 5, he had visited Australia, Java, Malacca, Singapore, the islands of Torres Straits, and the coast of New Guinea; he was much struck with the differences in the races of men inhabiting those countries; he divided them into three distinct people: 1st. The Malay races; 2d. The Papuan; 3d. The Australian. The first race is characterized by physical, social, and intellectual superiority over the others; being, in many places, a handsome, well-formed people, with considerably advanced institutions, navigators, and agriculturists. The second or Papuan races are decidedly inferior, in person, institutions, and arts, although they are much superior to the Australians, who are characterized by the lankiness of their lower extremities; their hips, thighs and calves being remarkably straight and slender, with prominent eye-brows and thick lips, and their social and intellectual condition appearing to be the very lowest. The characters and habits of the three races were described in detail and contrasted.

SECTION F.—STATISTICS.

The secretary read a paper, contributed by Dr. Guy, "On the Duration of Life in the Members of the several Professions, founded on the Obituary Lists of the Annual Register."

A paper was next read "On the Annual Consumption of Coal, and the probable duration of the Coal Fields," by E. R. J. Knowles.—The author's calculations being based, for the most part, on approximate estimates, many of which are open to much controversy, it will be sufficient for us to state the conclusions at which he arrived. He calculated the annual consumption of coal at 12,500,000 tons, and the extent of the coal-fields of England at 5,200 square miles, at the average of 20,000,000 tons to the square mile; and thence, after making allowance for the coal worked out, and for the population being eventually doubled, deduced that the coal-fields of England contain an ample supply for at least 1,500 years.

Sir J. Guest, Col. Sykes, and Mr. G. R. Porter, pointed out many sources of inaccuracy in Mr. Knowles' computations, and said that the estimates of consumption in various manufactories must always be vague. They thought that the only true criterion would be to ascertain the amount annually brought up to the mouth of every pit. Mr. Knowles professed his anxiety to obtain accurate information, and promised to make the inquiry in the form that had been recommended.

Mr. G. R. Porter presented an elaborate report "On the Iron Manufacture of Great Britain," pre-

pared at the request of the British Association.—Having called attention to the enormous demand for iron consequent on the general and simultaneous construction of railways in England, on the continent, and in India, he said it was important to consider how that demand may be met, and also how, on the cessation of that demand, which must be temporary to a great extent, the ruinous depreciation of capital and suspension of employment, consequent on the change, may be averted. In 1788, the whole quantity of pig-iron made in England and Wales, amounted to no more than 61,300 tons; of which 48,200 were made with coke of pit-coal, and 13,100 from charcoal: in the same year the amount raised in Scotland was 7,000 tons. In 1796 the quantity, owing to Watt's improvement of the steam-engine, was nearly double, being—

England and Wales, . . .	108,993 tons.
Scotland, . . .	16,086 "
Total, . . .	125,079 "

Ten years later, viz., in 1806, when it was proposed to tax the production of iron, an inquiry was made, and the production was found to have more than doubled in this decennial period, being—

England and Wales, . . .	234,666 tons.
Scotland, . . .	23,240 "
Total, . . .	258,206 "

In 1823, this quantity had risen to 482,066 tons, and in 1830 it was further increased to 678,417 tons. But since 1830, in consequence of the introduction of the hot blast by Mr. Nelson, of Glasgow, rapid improvements have been made, and a most important saving of fuel effected. The results were thus stated:—In 1829, using coke and cold air, each ton of iron required for its production 8 tons, 1 cwt. 1 quarter of coal. In 1830, using coke and heated air, each ton of iron was made with 5 tons, 3 cwt. 1 quarter of coal. In 1833, using raw coal and heated air, each ton of iron consumed in its production, 2 tons, 5 cwt. 1 quarter of coal. The saving in fuel is thus seen to amount to 72 per cent.; and in Scotland the production of iron has risen from 37,500 tons in 1830, to nearly 500,000 tons in the last twelve months. There exists a prejudice against the hot blast iron which is gradually abating; and a similar prejudice long prevented the use of the black band ore, the value of which was discovered by Mr. Mushett so far back as 1801. In 1836, every iron-work in Great Britain was visited by M. F. le Play, chief engineer to the Paris Board of Works, and he estimated the amount produced that year at 1,000,000 of tons. In 1840, Mr. Jessop found that there were 402 furnaces in England and Wales, in which 82, or 1 in 5, were out of blast; and out of 70 furnaces, 6, or 1 in 11, were out of blast. The quantity of iron made in 1840, was 1,343,400 tons; but in consequence of the commercial depression, this fell to 1,046,428 tons in 1842, being a depreciation of 22 per cent. He next directed attention to the effect of railways on the price of iron. In 1836 and 1837, parliament passed 77 railway bills, of which 44 were for new lines, and the aggregate of extent about 1,200 miles, requiring a production of more than 500,000 tons of iron. The price of bar iron, which had been 6l. 10s. per ton in 1834, rose to 7l. 10s. in 1835, and in 1836 to 11l.; but in 1837, the railway speculation had so far subsided, that only 15 acts for new lines were passed from 1838 to 1843—the price of

iron fell more rapidly than it had risen, and during this period, iron could be sold with difficulty at less than half the price it commanded in 1836. The average price of iron at Glasgow in 1844, was 2*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* per ton; in March, 1845, it rose to 5*l.*; and in May to 5*l.* 10*s.*;—this rise in price of 175 per cent., gave such stimulus to production, that the make of pig-iron, in Scotland, for the first six months of this year, was 260,000 tons, or at the rate of 520,000 tons per annum;—the production having been doubled since 1840. It is the opinion of the iron-masters that since 1840, nearly all the increased production of iron in the kingdom has been drawn from Scotland. It appears that the demand created by the new railways, has stimulated every establishment to its utmost limits of production. But, in order to add materially to the make of iron, a great many circumstances must concur. One of the chief difficulties arises from the workmen: skill is necessary, and the number of those properly trained is so limited, that they make demands for an enormous and disproportionate increase of wages on the first appearance of prosperity. Thus the cost of production seems to have more than kept pace with the rise of price. From this, combined, perhaps, with other causes, the amount of production in England for 1845 was only 917,500 tons, being 238,000 tons less than the production of 1840. From comparing several returns, it is clear that we have no reason to dread a failure of material—some valuable and extensive fields of black-band ore having been recently discovered in Wales; but it seems not improbable that the Staffordshire iron-works will soon experience a deficient supply of coal. A new source of supply has been found in the refuse and waste of the lead mines of Weardale. The *residue* of the lead ore is a true carbonate of iron, yielding from 25 to 40 per cent. A small blast furnace has been erected at Stanhope, for smelting this *residue*, and pig-iron of a strong and excellent quality has been produced. In consequence of this success, the company has commenced the erection of very extensive smelting works, near Walsingham. The difficulty then arises in the supply of labor. It is hopeless to stimulate the exertions of the persons already employed. They are naturally ready enough to exact higher rates of wages when the demand for their labor becomes more urgent; but, succeeding in this, they prefer to obtain the same amount of earnings, with higher rates of wages, to the securing of greater gains by the exertion of even the same amount of toil;—so that a greater urgency on the demand, may be, and frequently is, accompanied by a lessened production. During the period of depression the low price of iron led to its being extensively applied to various purposes of construction in civil and naval architecture. On the subject of iron ships, Mr. Porter entered into some calculations to show their economy;—but the subject will be found more fully discussed in our report of the paper read by Mr. Fairbairn before the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, in 1840. Up to the beginning of the present century, nearly two fifths of all the iron used in this kingdom was imported from the north of Europe; but in 1806 this proportion had fallen to one eighth, and foreign iron is now only imported for the manufacture of steel. Our exports, on the contrary, have so increased as to become an object of national importance.—

The increase of our exports appears to be contingent on a reduction of price, and must, therefore, be materially affected by variations in the cost of production. Should the new railways stimulate a much larger production of iron, the quantity produced will greatly exceed the demand so soon as those railways are completed, and then prices will fall; perhaps to a lower point than has ever yet been witnessed. This will, probably, cause iron to be applied to many new purposes, and particularly to the construction of ships, fire-proof houses, and frame-work houses for export to new settlements. All this, however, must be the work of time; and it seems but too probable that, in the meanwhile, our iron-masters will have to undergo a somewhat lengthened season of adversity—for the enduring of which they are, in a measure, prepared, from former experience.

The length of time occupied in reading this paper, of which we have only given the outline, rendered it impossible to discuss its topics; as the hour for the general committee meeting was fixed for 3 o'clock, and it wanted but a few minutes of that hour when Mr. Porter concluded.

"HANDS NOT HEARTS."—A FARCE.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

SCENE.—*The Throne-room of a Palace. Child-Queen and Queen-Mother discovered (the last, by the way, not for the first time) surrounded by Grandees, Ministers, Ladies of Honor, and Chamberlains. The "Marsellaise" is heard without. A flourish of trumpets.*

Queen-Mother (aside to Child-Queen.) Now, Izzy, my dear—

Child-Queen (aside to her.) Oh, Ma! my heart's in my mouth.

Queen-Mother. Heart! Where did you get it! Remember who were your parents, and don't disgrace them. His excellency will be here directly with his address of congratulation. Mind your response.

Child-Queen. I've forgotten every word you taught me. I knew I should. There were so many fibs in it!

Queen-Mother. Beatific Ferdinand!—shade of a beloved spouse, do you hear this? Fibs, you little fool! A queen talk of fibs! Like garlic, they are only to be thought of by the swinish herd. Know this, my child, for a great state maxim; falsehood becomes ennobled when royalty condescends to it. So, remember your reply—and mind your stops.

Child-Queen. My heart's breaking; I shall stop in the middle, I know I shall.

Queen-Mother. Then remember the dignity of Spain—recollect the glory of old Castile, and if you can't utter a few ceremonious syllables—why, show your feelings and faint. Your years may excuse a weakness that would ruin me.

Child-Queen. Every word flown out of my head, like a bird from a trap. I knew it would be so.

Queen-Mother (aside.) A perverse little wretch! Now, my beloved child—idol of my heart—remember Don Francisco's set of pearls—lamb that you are—and the seven hundred Paris milliners at work—prop of my life—and the three hundred and fifty jewellers—apple of my eye—and the two hundred goldsmiths—hope of my soul—and the dignity, and felicity, and happiness without end of a wed-

In 1837 we exported 92,313 tons, declared value £1,215,561.
In 1845 " 351,278 " " 3,501,895.

ded wife! Cherub that you are! And now you'll speak to his excellency—I know you will—with your own sweet silver voice, sweeter than Solomon's trumpets—Paradise of my life!

Child-Queen. I'm told they're the finest pearls in Christendom.

Major-Domo (announces) "His excellency the Ambassador of France."

[*Child-Queen turns pale, and shivers. Queen-Mother puts on a smile of state.*

Enter the Ambassador.

Ambassador (approaching Queen-Mother.) Madam,—The best of mothers has been blessed with the rarest of daughters. Virtue has produced twin virtues. Let me congratulate you, that you are about to see, in the marriage of your children, a renewal of that conjugal tenderness that has earned for you a name—and such a name—throughout the world. Happy mother! still in the freshness of maturity, spared to watch the opening sweetness of kindred youth! Favored is the full-blown rose that, without one blush of beauty, one leaflet lost, may still, upon the tree, behold the unclosing buds! I am commanded by my master of France—by that potentate whose name, particularly on the Stock Exchange, is synonymous with truth—by that monarch without guile—by that sovereign whose soul is open as the sea (and quite as deep)—by that king whose peculiar glory it has been to embrace (with his royal tongue in his royal cheek) the young Britannia—and caress, as he were a poodle puppy-dog, the British Lion—I am commanded, I say, by the Napoleon of Pence, (as well as of Peace,) to solicit the hand of the little Infanta (rather young, to be sure, for the wedding-ring) for the thrice-renowned and valorous Duke Montpensier, a son of France, who, let the glory be eternized in his epitaph, (when fame, in after centuries, shall write it,) refuses to take of the Cortes a single real with his bride, (*aside*), seeing there is no chance of its being offered him.

Queen-Mother. My heart is open as a book, and you have read the text of conjugal and maternal love, printed and illuminated (brightly as in a missal) within it. Knowing, profoundly knowing, that I am a full-blown rose, it would not be sincere, it would not be Christian-like in me, to deny the odorous truth. And the rose joyfully bestows her youngest bud upon the son of that monarch without guile—that king of the starry eye and crystal heart—the king of France!

Ambassador (to Child-Queen.) Madam, let me congratulate you upon your inexhaustible generosity. You have not only thrown—given, I mean—yourself away, but have in the most royal and liberal manner given away your little sister. In this act, the nation must acknowledge that liberality which only belongs to the true sovereignty of nature. For it is the rare privilege of royalty not only to hold its own heart as nothing, but especially to make light of the hearts of other people.

Child-Queen. I am flattered—that—that—in—giving—

Queen-Mother (prompting her, aside.) "My heart"—remember the pearls.

Child-Queen. My heart—yes—certainly, my heart—to—to—

Queen-Mother (aside.) "Don Francisco"—think of the bridal gown, with the twelve crowns of Spain worked in it—to "Don Francisco"—

Child-Queen. Don Francisco—I expect—that is—I shall be as happy—

Queen-Mother (aside.) Provoking creature! Think of the bull-fights—and the jewels—and—
Child-Queen. As happy as—as—can be expected.

[*Queen-Mother, smiling a ghastly smile, motions to the Camarera-Mayor, who goes out, and returns with the Infanta Luisa, with her thumb in her mouth.*

Ambassador (to the Infanta.) Madam, fate has called you early to happiness in calling you to be the wife of a French prince, and thereby calling you to Paris, a city unrivalled for its *bon bons*, confitures, and dolls—dolls, that not only open but shut their eyes! I am commanded to present you with this portrait of your future husband.

Infanta (standing upon her toes to look at it—aside.) Oh my! he is pretty.

Ambassador. And further to present to you, as typical of his disposition, this roll of sugar—*véritable sucre de Normandie.*

Infanta. I accept—that is, mamma says—

Queen-Mother (aside to her.) Silly thing! You mean you accept with pleasure—

Infanta. Yes, that's it. Mamma says—for she knows—I accept with pleasure the prince for my husband—and his picture—and his sugar.

[*The Ambassador gives portrait and sugar to the Infanta, who, looking upon the one, is about to eat the other, when it is respectfully twitched from her by the Camarera-Mayor.*

Ambassador (makes his bow, and is about to retire. He speaks aside to one of his attendants.) Let ten thousand francs be distributed among the mendicants of Madrid. One way to blind the world to the knaveries of the rich, is to throw gold dust in the eyes of the poor!

[*Another flourish of trumpets. Ambassador and suite exeunt. The curtain falls, and the Farce ends.*

N. B. Due notice will be given of the representation of the Tragedy.—*Punch.*

STATE BULLETINS FOR SPAIN.—Such is the alarming condition of Spain, that it would be highly satisfactory to the rest of Europe if she were regularly attended by state physicians, who, at brief intervals, should publish official bulletins of her health; as, for instance—

"6, A. M. Spain has passed a tolerable night, but is slightly troubled with symptoms of commotion this morning.

"11, A. M. Within the last hour a revolution has broken out in Spain, but it has been suppressed with a moderate amount of bloodshed, and for the last five minutes Spain has been tranquil.

"1, P. M. The tranquillity which was restored to Spain at five minutes to eleven, lasted up to a quarter to twelve, when insurrections began to manifest themselves in a few provinces; and since that time she has been laboring under febrile agitation.

"6, P. M. The agitation of Spain continued till four o'clock, when a remission of symptoms took place; but at five she had a relapse, and the insurrectionary movements have recurred in paroxysms every quarter of an hour.

"11, P. M. Spain has just lost a little more blood, which appears to have relieved her, and for the last ten minutes has enjoyed profound repose."—*Punch.*

CHAPTER XIV.

It will naturally be supposed that, looking upon the new maid that fortune had so beneficently sent me, my first anxiety was about her clothes. Animated by the most pleasant feelings, I rummaged all my boxes, and soon selected a very complete wardrobe. Many things were, of course, too fine for a servant—it having been instilled into me as a great principle, by my mother, that servants could not, in her own emphatic words, be kept “too much under,” and therefore could not be too plainly drest. If that good woman hated anything, it was finery in any sort of a maid. She set her face against anything beyond a penny riband, and would not permit ear-rings, even when they presented themselves in the modest guise of gold wires, to “dangle from a servant.” However, in my present condition, nothing remained for me to choose from but my own wardrobe and the clothes of my fellow-passengers. Of course I took the shabbiest and the most vulgar. When, however, I had made the selection, a greater difficulty remained to be overcome. It was to induce Friday to submit to be thoroughly drest. She showed an almost unconquerable repugnance to stockings, putting them on the hind part before, and gartering at the ankle. As to ever getting her into shoes, I gave up the idea as hopeless; for this, however, I cared but little; as her huge bare feet the better kept up the due distinction between mistress and maid. Nobody—I was well aware of the fact—could witness it; nevertheless, the circumstance was not without its comfort.

My greatest difficulty, however, was with the stays. When she first saw them, and began to feel them all over, and observed that they contained steel and whalebone—and when further she saw that I threatened her with them—the poor ignorant creature fell at my feet, and cried, and, in her way, begged that I would give up so cruel a notion, as it evidently terrified her worse than death. For some time, I was greatly amused by the distress of Friday; but at last, becoming irritated, I insisted that she should submit to wear the stays; whilst, at the same time, I indicated that they were expressly made, and stiffened with steel and bone, to preserve the beauty of the female figure. Upon this, Friday, like a poor ignorant savage as she was, shook her head, and placed her two hands to her waist, as much (like her impudence!) as to say, “Look at me: I never wore stays; and I am straighter than you.” Now, insolence like this would be unbearable from anybody; but, coming from a servant, it was much more than a mistress could put up with. Wherewith, I pointed to the pistol with which I had killed the Amazon; and, in a moment, Friday was at my feet.

Poor benighted creature! How cold she turned, and how she trembled—for all the world like some poor wretch about to be crushed by torture—when I compelled her to put on the stays. She evidently thought that they contained some evil spirits, that would continually squeeze and punish her—and by degrees consume her blood—and finally waste her. She could not, poor wretch! so express herself; but I could see by the workings of her mind in her countenance, that she looked upon the stays as, in former days, sufferers have looked upon the steel-boot.

At length, however, the stays were on, and I prepared myself to lace them. I knew that by doing this I was teaching the first lesson in civilization, and felt myself strengthened for the task accordingly. But shall I ever forget the screams of Friday, as I laced hole after hole? It was plain she felt as nuns have felt—bricked up, as pleasant histories tell us, for peccadilloes, in convent walls. It was plain the poor wretch thought she was being laced up for life; and this notion, I must confess it, so troubled me that the more Friday screamed, the tighter I laced, till, in the end, her figure was so unlike vulgar nature, it almost approached perfection.

When the stays were well laced and fastened, it was droll to see the perplexity of the poor creature. She would not venture to walk without laying hold of some support, as if the tightness of the stays had destroyed the strength and motion of her limbs. When she looked round, too, she turned her whole body, as if made too stiff to venture to move her neck. It was clear from the melancholy that possessed her, that she looked upon herself—poor savage!—as a prisoner for life in walls of whalebone and steel. And will it be believed! those stays had been made for a colonel's lady, and had cost three guineas, if they'd cost a shilling!

After the poor thing had become a little accustomed to her captivity, and could the better understand me, I inquired about the savages from whom I had delivered her. She told me they were all Amazons. That they had originally come from the moon, that they worshipped as a single lady. That they made war upon the women of all married nations, as creatures who—forgetful of their true dignity in the world, which was to do entirely as they like—had basely betrayed the independence of their sex by allowing themselves to “love, honor, and obey” brutes, their husbands. And then I asked Friday what was the age of the oldest of these Amazons? when she informed me that none of them was ever able to count above five-and-twenty. Lamentable ignorance!

TO BE SOLD.—*The Balance of Power.* It is a little out of order, and requires adjusting, as the beam has been kicked rather severely lately by one Louis Philippe, which has thrown the balance slightly upon one side. A few English measures are to be sold with it, in the shape of one or two protests, but their weight is so small that they do not even turn the scale. For further particulars apply to the British Ambassadors at Paris, or Madrid; and for cards to view, to the Secretary

for Foreign Affairs, Downing-street, in whose custody the Balance of Power is at present deposited.—*Punch.*

SERMONS IN STONES.—MR. O'CONNELL said at Conciliation Hall, “When I die, ‘Repeal’ will be found written on my heart.” There is a slight error in the above absurdity. The Hereditary Bondsman should have said “lithographed.”—*Punch.*

From Taht's Magazine.

LEIGH HUNT.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is singular to notice how some men "achieve greatness" by the very act of living. Eclipsed and crushed at first by successful rivals, they are fortunate enough to survive them, and to shine forth as stars in the twilight of their departed glory. How picturesque yonder solitary pine, yielding its dark cones to the wind reluctantly, as if loth to bend its aged and reverend head to a blast but newly born! Some years ago, it was lost in the crowd of the forest, till the woodman's axe cut its passage into perilous prominence. So with certain authors: they gather around them the added interest of those who have outlived a generation of giants, and who mingle with the admiration of the present somewhat of the awe of the past. Last of a noble race, the homage they receive is given ungrudgingly, and with the feeling of discharging a debt of gratitude long due, not to one, but to many benefactors. Sometimes, as in the case of Wordsworth, the merit thus tardily acknowledged is of the highest order, but which detracted, and the success of more popular writers, have unjustly veiled. Sometimes it is of minor, though real value, which, amid the blaze of contemporary genius, has been overborne and drowned. In the year 1820, such men as Croly, De Quincey, Wilson, and Leigh Hunt, were content to be *di minorum gentium* in the literary pantheon. We now, in 1846, regard them as a race of "elder gods," Titans partly, because they have outlived a Titanic family.

And yet we feel, that in applying the term Titan to Leigh Hunt, we are bordering upon the ludicrous. No such magnificent epithet will fit him. He is no "giant angel;" he is nothing better than an inspired and perpetual child. He is not great, nor even large; but he is the perfection of elegant and airy littleness. He flits about like an Ariel among the sons of the mighty. Ariel, indeed, the most imaginative and succinct of skyey messengers, full of playful earnestness, is an apter emblem of Hunt's genius than the tricky Puck. He is the down of the thistle floating no-whither, while Ariel is the winged seed blown right onward to the spot where it is to take root and grow. As we have elsewhere said of Moore and Dickens, we can never disconnect the idea of Hunt from that of smallness. Perhaps, instead of Ariel, he is rather a genuine brother of the Cobweb, Mustard-seed, and Pease-blossom family: like that redoubted race, tiny, swift, ethereal, with a fire in his eye, and drops of gold sprinkled on his little wing. Moore is, of the three, Mustard-seed—sharp, biting, and mischievous. Dickens is Cobweb—light, dancing, and sunny. Hunt is Pease-blossom—smelling of the fields, and shining with the hues of autumn sunshine.

Earnestness at ease, is the leading characteristic of Hunt's nature. His is not that eternal frown of certain patriots and philosophers, at which "hell grows darker." His genius wears, on the contrary, a gentle smile, to feed which everything has run—his learning, his philosophy, his imagination, and his tears.

"Sorrrows [he sings] I've had severe ones,
I will not speak of now;

And calmly mid my dear ones
I've wasted with dry brow."

Struggles he has had—calumnies borne—imprisonment too known, in those dark days, when looks were watched, and words tortured, and to sigh in some cases was to sin. He has been separated from children dear to him "as the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart." A child-like friend, dearer than a brother, was severed from him; and he saw, under the darkening sky of his own fortunes, the smoke of his funeral pile rising from the sea-shore. He felt, too, the recalcitration of the furious heel of Byron. He committed several grave errors, and had many severe literary trials. But all ran to fill up the channel of the gentle smile. His heart would not get old. The boy element would not extract. And the author of "Rimini" and "The Feast of the Poets," is, we believe, smiling still—smiling at the memory of his past griefs and sufferings; smiling at the changed treatment he is receiving from the literary world, and from his ancient foes; smiling pity over the dishonored dust of Byron, and over the insolent but retracted ridicule of Moore; and smiling a deeper, happier smile at that milder social day which has at length risen upon his path; for him, too, as well as Virgil's shepherd,

Libertas tanquam sera respexit.

Hunt, like most writers of the day, has appealed to the public, not only at sundry times, but in divers manners. He has been a critic, a journalist, an essayist, a writer of tales and dramas, a satiric and a serious poet. As a critic, he did at one time yeoman service to the cause of letters. He stood up, in conjunction with Lamb and Hazlitt, for the three objects, first, of vindicating the fame of the lake poets; secondly, of directing public attention to the forgotten and neglected English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, thirdly, of establishing a school of criticism independent of the reviews, which at that time lorded it over the world of letters, and were with a high hand abusing their power. To these objects of this triumvirate, Lamb contributed his subtle discrimination, his delicate yet cutting irony; Hazlitt, his fierce passion and vehement declamation; and Hunt, his grace, his tact, his liveliness, his learning, and his fine fanciful quaintness. The public saw with surprise the pages of a weekly newspaper, studded with critical disquisitions, as profound, and much more genial, than any to be found in the great quarterly journals; and began, in the extreme of reaction from former implicit submission, to regard these as blind guides. And although the influence of our literary reformers was counteracted by the furious abuse and victimization which they personally experienced, they in the end gained their object. They shed a new light upon the pages of our elder dramatists; they vindicated the claims of the lake poets; and they contributed to rouse the public to that spirit of independent judgment which has more or less characterized it ever since, and has compelled journals to become rather the followers than the leaders of the national taste.

Hunt's criticism is distinguished above that of many, by its joyous geniality.—How he gloats over tid-bits!—How he enjoys a literary *bonne bouche*!—How he chuckles over a quaintness, or a recondite beauty! He has, on such occasions, all

the glee of a school-boy, who has lighted upon some peculiar pot of jam or neglected drawer of sweet-bread. He laughs, rolls, and riots, in the gladness of his heart; and, like the said school-boy, if a fine generous fellow, calls upon all his comrades to share the spoil. He reads a favorite author as a man reads to his adored, giving, in the fulness of his happy heart, beauty, and meaning, and interest to the pages, which come in reality from a sweeter and dearer source. Thus Hunt, between sympathy with his author and with his reader, gilds his refined gold, paints his lilies, and throws a perfume over his violets. Even his affections, quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles—and they are not few—remind you of the little arts which the eye of love produces, and which it alone will pardon. The gush of genuine gladness must be permitted its little gets, freaks and fantasies. Better far this than the cool, iron composure of those miserable beings called critics by profession, who are doomed to pass from the Dan of each new title-page to the Beersheba of each *Finis*, and find all barren; and are capable of enjoying only the poor luxury of “establishing” when they cannot find a “raw.”

Of his criticism, the better specimens, we think, occur in his earlier productions, his “Indicator,” “Companion,” &c. In what seems to have been an evil hour, he wrote “Lord Byron and his Contemporaries.” It awoke an outcry from a large portion of the public, who had not yet recovered from that drunken dream, through the medium of which they had for a long while regarded Byron. As Macaulay has well shown, the conduct of the British public to Byron was most extraordinary. First, they idolized him unreasonably; then as unreasonably they ground their golden calf to dust; and then they raised, reconstructed, and set him in a higher shrine than ever. And this latter reaction arose simply from what always seemed to us, his chimerical and insincere expedition to Greece; an incident in his history no more deserving moral approbation, than the conduct of the prodigal, who in his desperation *enlists*. Who on that account dreams of canonizing the poor fellow? But, because Byron, disgusted with himself, sick of Italy, satiated with literary fame, or rather, afraid of losing the laurels he had gained, exhausted in intellect, and bruised in heart, threw himself into the Greek cause, (instead of returning to England, calmly confronting his calumniators, and resuming his duties as a landlord and a senator, which had been the part of a wise man,) changed his poetic melody into a wild Albanian war-song, and perished prematurely, therefore all the past was to be forgiven and forgotten, and therefore, if an honest man ventured to blame any part of his conduct, he must be torn in pieces, and have his *dissecta membra* thrown in propitiatory sacrifice upon the poet’s Grecian grave. We care very little about the charges of ingratitude and violated confidence which have been brought against Hunt. He had been treated by Byron with great liberality; and no wonder, since he had appeared single-handed in his defence, when the howl of all England was up against him. He had been admitted to his confidence, and might, had he been base enough, have claimed a similar honor with the servant who boasted that he was kicked by a duke. He had been fed and insulted under the same roof with the noble poet. And in exchange for such favors, he was bound to flatter the man when dead, to whom, when living, he had always acted a firm

and manly part! We would have preferred, indeed, had he remained entirely silent on the subject. We never think of Byron as a man, without recalling the words of Milton, in reference to the rebel angels.

“The other sort,

In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet, by doom
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength, from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.”

But if Hunt was to speak of Byron at all, he was bound to speak the plain unvarnished truth, avoiding equally the extremes of sycophancy and of spleen. And now, the public, by another, and we suspect a final revulsion of feeling, has come round to his opinion, and unites in writing on Byron’s bust, the most fatal of all inscriptions, “A traitor to his own transcendent genius.”

Our quarrel, then, with this book, is not so much its treatment of Byron’s memory, as its general spirit and execution. Its spirit is waspish, its execution feeble. In the one, you read disappointment; in the other, dyspepsia. His memoir of himself, must, from its profusion of capital *I*s, have taxed severely Mr. Colburn’s printing press, and has the garrulity without the bonhomie of old age. His estimates of contemporary talent are not eminently felicitous, nor, with the exception of his personal friends, particularly candid. You see altogether, in this work, a mind, in an unhappy state of transition from its first fresh, buoyant enthusiasm, to that mild and serene twilight, which has now permanently settled upon its powers. Clinging still to our former image of a gentle smile, as the best emblem of Hunt’s nature, we must grant that, in this production, it is but faintly visible, if not entirely concealed.

As a journalist, he exhibits a marked contrast, in the course of his progress, between the dashing, slashing, free and fearless style, in which (conjointly with his brother) he conducted *The Examiner*, and the meek and almost mawkish tone of his *London Journal*. How changed from the daring libeller, whom regency honored with its personal hatred and vengeance, and who, like another Camille Desmoulins, shot his bright and bickering shafts at sublime swindlers and crowned imbeciles, the kindly old man babbling of his green fields, looking with dim, tearful eye at his old favorite authors, welcoming to his arms books which formerly seemed steeped in the green and livid slime of bigotry, saying civil things of “The Lights and Shadows”—ay, of “Matthew Wald,” and its author—shaking (with some tremor) the huge fist of Christopher North, and instead of the bitter sarcasm in which he often indulged, just hinting faults and hesitating dislike, even to the imbecile, the impertinent, and the absurd. We prefer him, we must say, in the latter character. It is more true to his original tendencies. For the tear and wear, the fret and fever, the squabbling and heart-burning of a newspaper life, Hunt was never fitted. Only by nursing and coddling the inferior parts of his nature, could he have qualified himself for discharging its duties. And he did not too soon resign it to the hands of one much better adapted for the craft.

We regret exceedingly that *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* did not succeed. Never did a cheap periodical exhibit a more catholic and genial spirit. Broad-fronted, mild-tempered, with fine imaginative sympathies, holding that "beauty is truth," it did not deny the converse of the creed, that "truth is beauty." Not a mere weekly dispenser of the cold comfort of utilitarianism, to thousands who begin to feel that thus the deeper wants of their spirits are insulted, as egregiously as were a drop to be sprinkled on a burning thirst, or a crumb to be handed to a raging hunger; it delighted in bringing out the poetry of usefulness, and the spiritual purposes which are served by even the mechanisms of the present age. He never speaks with contempt of this age, as a mechanical age; its motion, that of a rattling railway train; its agitation, the tremble of an unmanageable machine. He sees that machines contain in them a stern poetry of their own; that they present forceful and colossal images of power, of iron will and iron necessity; that in annihilating time and space, girdling the globe with Puck-like speed, "yoking their ears with whirlwinds and the northern blast," they gather round them the double interest of fact and fiction, that a railway carriage, which looks tame enough at rest, in two minutes rushes into poetry, and with its flag of flame, passes through the most beautiful country, less like an intruder than a monarch; while in a dream of beauty walks the waters of the summer sea the great steamship, or wrestles like a demon of kindred power with the angry billows! He asks, "Has mechanism taken color from the grass and warmth from the blood!" and feels that while itself often a coarse Caliban, a strong drudge, it may be taught to do the spiriting and perform the magical bidding of the Prosperos of poetry; that in the varied and vast mechanical powers of the age, there lies over for coming artists, a fund of thought and imagination, not likely to be soon exhausted; that each railway train seems shrieking with that unearthly scream of its, for the coming of its poet, and shall not always scream in vain! Such views he held, and was beginning to expound, successfully, in his journal, when unfortunately, for want of passengers, it came to a stand-still, and now runs no more.

In the essay, Hunt found himself in his perfect element. Some minds have been as much out of theirs in it as leviathans in a pond. Foster, for instance, lashes his large tail against its narrow limits, till he bursts them asunder. Hazlitt is more at home in its small circle, only through the sacrifice of much that is peculiar, and of all that is profound in his intellect. Lamb's highest qualities are seen shyly and from afar off in even the "Essays of Elia." But Hunt is as active, and bright, and happy, in it, as a gold-fish in its globe of glass. All the finer qualities of his mind—his vinous liveliness, his *recherche* rather than recondite lore—his conversational tone—his gleesome disposition—his snatches of higher imagination—his wide sympathies—the gem-like minuteness of finish he gives to his better things—the air of fireside ease which waves like a light scarf around all his motions, are to be found in "The Indicator" and "The Companion." With what a light dainty step he conducts us along the "sweet security of streets," from shop to shop, finding incense in the perfumer's, and a dream of Golconda in the jeweller's, and Alnaschar still sitting at the door of his crockery warehouse, and an echo from the stithies of

Etna lingering in the brazier's, and his own boy, self standing stealthily at the bookstall, and hooi faces smiling on him under the bonnets in the milliner's, and "all the Arabian heaven" opening in the print-seller's, and in the apothecary's a blue and lurid splendor, sending him home to dream of drugs and death. Ye sticks, and hats too, how much do ye owe to his fine idealization! Memorials of the metropolis, how has he embalmed you! Even mists and fogs thereof, ye are due him thanks for piercing your thick folds with a ray of poetry. And, happy above all pig-drivers, thou, the immortal genius of thine art, whom his footsteps chanced to follow, in thy difficult but glorious pilgrimage down the Strand, guiding successfully, through direr Scyllas and Charvbes, thy grunting charge! And who, in that sunnier side of the Round-table, which he contributed, has forgotten his "Day by the fireside," where "common things that round us lie"—the crump and crackle of the hot roll—the knock of the postman—the song of the tea-kettle—the tickling feeling, beneath one's feet, of the hearth-rug—the music of the flickering flames in the grate—the drawing in of the evening curtains—the toasting of one's bed-itching toes—the tying and smoothing of one's night-cap, become suddenly surrounded with an edge of imagination, and we feel that there is poetry in everything!

"What 's in a name?" asks Shakspeare. Everything, we reply. Power, delusion, depth of meaning, the force of fate, are all involved in names. A name cannot raise the dead; but it can start spirits stronger than that which rose at Endor, or met the patriot at Philippi. We have heard the weakness of words deplored; but we know their power—that they are things—that they often contain an omnipotence of mischief in their magic syllables, and that the most vigorous minds are not exempt from their influence. Volumes might be written, for instance, on the nuisance of nicknames—on the mischiefs they have done—the hearts they have broken—the characters they have partially or forever clouded—the books they have strangled—the currents of progress which they, yes they, poor, paltry collocations of foul air! have been able, for a season, to impede. In what a light does it represent the literature of the nineteenth century, that its principal quarrels have been carried on through the medium of contemptuous epithets, possessing neither point nor truth, and which, by *sticking*, only more convincingly proved that they were made of mud! We allude to such terms as "the Lakers," "the Satanic school," "the Cockney school," &c. Will it be believed, in an after age, that the second of these elegant combinations had, at one time, almost the power of the greater excommunication; and that one man at least, mad with the very fanaticism of benevolence, was, through its unscrupulous application, treated as a walking incarnation of the evil one! Or will it be believed, in an after age, that a dexterous ringing of the changes upon this witty epithet, "The Cockney school," was the means of plucking the bread from the mouth of more than one struggling and gifted man! "What's in a name!" O Shakspeare, with the inevitable eye, askest thou? Why, the merest misnomer—the most contemptible *alias* affixed to an enemy to a character, has been often as effectually a word of doom, as though it had been uttered in their wrath by those

Airy tongues which syllable men's names
On sands, and shore, and desert wildernesses.

Jack Wilkes was never a Wilkite; Coleridge was never a Laker; Shelley did not belong to the Satanic, nor Hunt to the Cockney school. His only title to the term lay in his inextinguishable desire to find the good and the beautiful in the persons and scenes amidst which his lot was cast. If there were vulgar manners in Little Britain, he felt there were also warm hearts. If there were dirt and drudgery in the city, there were also high and solemn memories shadowing its meanest streets into grandeur, and giving a certain pathos even to the sound of Bowbell. Because Richmond Hill was not the Jura, had it no beauty to be desired? Was Cowper less a poet because he was forced to complain that he had seen no mountains, nor expected to see them, unless he saw them in heaven? Is not the Cockneyism of the country as detestable as that of the town? Is a rose less a rose because it grows within the sight of St. Paul's? And wherever stands and waves the English oak, does it not stand and wave in poetry—the poetry of the accumulated associations of two thousand years? Our great matter of offence, indeed, with Hunt is, that he has not enough of the Cockney—that he dips but slenderly into that most awful world of London—that he contents himself with partial, desultory, and outside views; and never, or seldom, descends into those abysses of wild anguish and lurid joy, of fun, fury, and madness, which the smoke of its every evening over-canopies. It was reserved for Dickens to go down, in the fearlessness inspired by good-will and good-nature, into those sunless chambers of city life, and show that there was a soul of goodness, and a spirit of latent poetry, and an element of hope, moving even amid their all-unutterable abominations. Blessings on the daring child, though for nothing else than for this achievement! And where he has preceded, let us hope that Marion (see Mary Howitt) will, by-and-by, in her loveliness, follow.

To Hunt's contributions to *The Liberal*, we are almost ashamed to allude, they are so totally unworthy of his pen. When writing them he was in a most melancholy plight both of body and mind. Shelley, long a screen between him and pecuniary distress, as well as a link binding him to the moody and uncertain Byron, was newly drowned. Misunderstandings between him and his host were daily multiplying. The climate of Italy was rousing his bile. His "Letters from the South," accordingly, are weak, querulous effusions, looking almost helplessly insignificant beside Hazlitt's sounding invectives against the "Spirit of Monarchy;" Shelley's translations, at once rendering and rivalling their originals; and Byron's "Vision of Judgment," a lampoon, such as for bitterness was never thrown into the lion's mouth at Venice, and the blasphemy of which reduces the Satan of Milton to a driveller, and leaves even the Mephistopheles of Goethe limping behind. Hunt's small smiling countenance thrust in between those "dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms," like a stray Peri peeping in amidst the fallen gods in the inner halls of Pandemonium, looks absolutely ludicrous. That fell Titanic warfare, revolved in those dark and mighty spirits aiming on "daring doubts to pile thoughts that should call down thunder," was no scene for our mild, though manful hero.

Of his later specimens of criticism in the "Comic

Dramatists," "Imagination and Fancy," &c., &c., we know only enough to convince us that they reveal in him no new powers. We find in them all his generosity of spirit, softness of heart, delicacy of sentiment, refinement of taste, with perhaps less liveliness and brilliance, and with more of those sudden and dyspeptic sinkings down from considerable elevation to weakness and languor of thought, which distinguish all his writings. We agree with a writer in *The Athenæum*, in thinking him too hard upon Dante, for being too hard upon his sinners in the "Inferno." We believe that the man Dante would have shrunk from consigning even the finger that signed his mandate of banishment, to eternal burnings; but this was not to prevent the poet Dante, when elaborating an ideal hell, heating, if he pleased, his furnaces seven degrees, and indulging his imagination in compounding into every tremendous variety the elements of torment. The poet is ever bound to give the brightness of brightness, and the blackness of darkness; to mend, if he can, the air of Elysium, "and heighten the beauties of Paradise;" and, on the other hand, to make "hell itself a murkier gloom." It will never do to argue thence either the benevolence or the cruelty of his disposition. Was Michael Angelo responsible for the awards of his "Last Judgment?" Is the illustrator of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" answerable for the kindling of all those curling, crested, reluctant or rejoicing, eager or slumbering flames? Was Coleridge less the "Friend," because he appears to exult in the perdition of William Pitt? Is Thomas Aird less one of the most amiable of men, because his "Devil's Dream" contains a most horrid picture of the place of punishment? And has John Wilson the soul of a butcher, because in that famous *Noctes* directed against our friend Dr. Knox, he describes with such dreadful gusto certain unceremonious proceedings in that "other place," about the spirit of William Burke? There are, indeed, persons who exult and express their exultation in the future fate of those whom their narrow sympathies exclude from bliss; but these are fanatics; they are not artists, and we never yet heard of a true artist who was a fanatic. Art is ever too wide, restless, progressive, to remain confined in the sullen brazen furnace of a bigoted and narrow belief.

Of Hunt's contributions to fiction and dramatic literature, we know little, and prefer not speaking at all. It remains only to say something of him in the character of a poet. And it were vain to deny, that he possesses many of the elements of a genuine poet. No man could be such a good critic, and such a fine essayist without a large share of the poetic spirit. But to enable a writer to interweave his poetic power into living verse, requires a "double portion" of that indefinable and incommunicable essence. And that such a double portion has befallen him, we doubt. His great want is not of fancy, nor of feeling, nor of language; it is that of sustained and masculine strength. Beautiful imaginations abound. Fine lines drop down, soft and bright as rosebuds, winnowing their way from their mother-tree. Such is his description of a stream, which seemed

"As if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade."

Epithets fall, fitting themselves as perfectly to their objects as snow-flakes to the form of the yielding branches on which they descend. In-

deed could epithets make an immortality, his were secure. "Scattery light," for example, what an image that presents of the sails of a ship coming up in the sunshine! Pathos, too, is frequent, always delicate, and sometimes profound. How it sighs in his poem on his children, "like parting wings of cherubim!" How it steeps with tears that fatal page in "Rimini," where the lovers stopped their reading, and stopped forever! But while of sentiment there is no lack, there is little profound passion. While there is enough and to spare of fancy, the grand unifying influence of imagination is often absent. While there is much poetry, there is no poem. Deep thought and purpose strike not, like strong trunks, through the luxuriant and clustering foliage. The only uniting principle we can observe in his poetry, is that of a systematic and vicious style. Odd and obsolete phrases, compound barbarisms, an uncommon use of common words, a tasteless selection from the vocabulary of antique writers, deliberate innovations, and false coinages of language, are among the manifold affectations which abound, particularly in his poem entitled "Foliage." This is the more singular, as his prose is generally free from such blemishes. But, as he told Lord Byron, he committed them on system: thus, as Shelley remarks, "permitting a system relating to mere words, to divert the attention of the reader from whatever interest he had created, to his own ingenuity, in contriving to disgust them according to the rules of criticism." But such perverse torturing of language does more than disgust the reader. It impedes the motions, and limits the power of the author. His mind cannot be working with full force and freedom, while compelled by a system to look with such a minute and fastidious eye to the mere verbiage in which his thoughts are clothed. He places himself, in fact, in the false position of one who is thinking in one language and writing in another. The language of elevated conversation is, we think, the language in which poetry should be written. But if Hunt, or John Keats, who hampered, by similar shackles, far more majestic movements, and checked a much profounder vein, had gone through the streets talking in the style of "Endymion" or "Foliage," they would have been sent to Bedlam, and have deserved the translation. Wordsworth's barbarisms are those of a particular county; and, harsh as they are, have much in them that is racy and characteristic. But those of Hunt and Keats, seem artificially twisted beyond the power of pronunciation in any human tongue, and fitted for the inhabitants of some other and still odder world than this. With what severe and smiling scorn did the Grecian culture of the poet of Prometheus teach him, through all his love and sympathy, to regard those little affectations on the part of his friends, and which we regret to say, are still common in the writings of some genuine poets of the age, who, with the poor English language, are playing such "fantastic tricks before high heaven," as might make us weep, were it not for laughter.

Great or good writers may, perhaps, be divided into two classes, the Oracles and the Companions. The first sit, shrouded and folded up in obscurity or in dazzling light, and utter their responses to wondering, and fearing, and far-off auditors. The second sit, or stand, or walk by our sides; some moody and speaking only by fits and starts, others scowling and sullen but instructive; a third class,

ever cheerful and communicative. Milton or Coleridge may be taken as a specimen of the oracle; Swift was the sulky but sensible, Addison the cheerful, and Hazlitt the moody companion. It was the glory of Shakspeare, that he combined the qualities of both, of all. Where, as in him, will you find such oracular deliverances! and where such plain homely sense! and where such dreadful moods and tenses! and where such genial gaiety! Now he is a Pan, in hoarse whispers telling mysterious tidings from the thickest glooms of nature; now an elf leaping on your back and playfully pinching your nostril; now a calm, grave, Socratic sage, talking to you of matters that concern your business and your bosom; now a misanthrope, looking on all things at a sinister angle; and now a kind, and glad, and babbling companion, as is the lively and lip-full river to the wanderer who walks beside it for a summer's day.

Hunt, need we say, is "the Companion." Most easy, and talkative, and good-humored of companions, thou hast, to us, beguiled not a few hours while reading, and not a few while at present writing of thee. Our glad hours owe thee much, for thou hast gladdened them still more. Our sad hours owe thee more, for thou hast soothed and brightened them at times. In the flesh we never saw thee, and never hope to see; but we thank thee for thy company none the less; and now, as our paths diverge, we bid thee a hearty and a grateful farewell.

From the Spectator, 17 Oct.

SOCIAL PROGRESSION.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

AFTER the successful result of some great political movement, there is first a childish exultation; then a long pause of torpor and apathy; then something which it has become fashionable to call reaction; and then the hopes of the enthusiastic, the aspirations of the ambitious, the speculations of the theoretical, rush into a tumult of conjectures as to what the next great political movement is to be.

The exultation consequent on the triumph of free trade is subsiding; the torpor and the apathy are already visible; the reaction is approaching; and the season of false or true prophecy regarding the future, and its primordial political changes, will not fail to come.

There are minds, however, that overleap all these intermediate steps; and, with the keenness of the political gambler, or with the comprehensiveness of the philosophic idealist, already stand with impatient imagination in the presence of what they consider as destined to be the chief political struggle of the age that succeeds the present.

Now, it is probable that, as respects England at least, we shall not have till more than half a century has elapsed, anything corresponding in magnitude and intensity to the political contests, nor in importance to the political victories, which the last twenty years have witnessed; and that political improvement must sink into the handmaid of social progression.

It is evident to the philanthropist, that there are woes in the community which no government can heal; to factions, that party cries have lost their charm, and party conflicts their excitement; to society, that it must be its own physician.

Statesmanship, therefore, must consist henceforth of the ability so to master and mould social

elements as to evolve the largest amount of social good. And political education will inevitably be nobler in its aims and wider in its grasp than it has hitherto been. It will require, as before, practical qualities, an extensive and mature experience, an early initiation into parliamentary habits, into diplomatic subtleties and dexterities, into financial skill, and a thorough acquaintance with all which passes under the general name of routine; but it will also demand a profounder knowledge of human history and the human heart, such as the solitary student can best acquire. Now, here we have a revolution in statesmanship of the most momentous kind. For the instant you seek more from a statesman than can be learned in courts and parliaments, legislation ceases to be what it has almost invariably been in England, the cunning application of a few aristocratic traditions; and the power is at once taken from exclusively aristocratic hands. Consequently, when social progress begins to be the main inspiration and object of statesmanship, we arrive at that emancipation of talent for which many an earnest soul among our countrymen has so ardently sighed. Statesmanship for purposes principally political, requires simply shrewdness sharpened by exercise, and enlarged by collision with many persons and many things; of the qualities necessary for statesmanship of this description, the aristocratic class possesses a more abundant measure than all other classes; and thus it is not so much a misfortune as we think it that they have been our lawgivers so long. But statesmanship for purposes principally social, requires thought in the most significant acceptation of the word; and therefore it is to men of business habits certainly, and of practical sagacity and promptitude, but who besides are philosophers, that we must after a short while look for our statesmen.

There are many enthusiasts who think that social progression will be much more beautiful than any aspect of political advancement; and they turn from the latter with a sort of disgust. But the first form of social progression will be a very prosaic affair. We may call it, for distinction's sake, the *material phase*. The objects of statesmen and philanthropists during this period will be social; but they will involve only material changes, and be conversant only with material details. Numerous and systematic efforts will be made to improve the material condition of the people; but, whether a plan of national education be attempted or not, there will be nothing deserving the name of culture.

Then will come the second, or what we may designate the *aesthetic phase* of social progression. With this, culture will begin. Comfort, material well-being, diffused in every mode that philanthropy can suggest or government can aid, there will arise among the people the taste for art and the love of the beautiful. This taste, this love, will be encouraged by the national instruments and establishments of education. But the people will become their own educators in art, when the affection for art has become a hunger of the mind. And art can never be an agency to civilize, or artists do great things among a people, till art is felt to be an indispensable need of that people's heart.

The good, the true, and the beautiful are one. And after a feast of the beautiful, the cloyed spirit of the nation will yearn for something sterner and stronger than the beautiful can give. This will usher in the third or *moral phase* of social progression. This will be something as heroic as Puritan-

ism, yet not expended like that noble fact in fierce antagonism, but in generous deeds of universal blessing. The bravery of Puritanism was the result of deep faith. The bravery of the period we are foretelling will be sympathy sanctified by the worship of the beautiful. A brave government and a brave people, acting under such influence and acting together—the very thought is sufficient to make poets of us all.

It is not possible for a nation to continue for any length of time this heroic attitude—such a heroic mission. But if either an individual or a nation wished to be manly, wished to have completeness of character, to pass through heroism is indispensable. The individual, or the nation, that has bowed down to the beautiful, that has done homage to the good, deserves, and cannot fail to seize, the heritage of the true. The fourth phase of social progression, consequently, is that which may accurately be termed the *human phase*; for it supposes national culture to have grown identical with human culture; it supposes an end of exaggerations, extremes, and onesidedness; it supposes a nation in the plenitude of material resources, and in the amplitude of physical energies, with such harmony of physical, moral, mental, and religious education and enjoyment, as earth has not heretofore beheld.

From the Spectator.

FRENCH HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS form a very extensive, delightful, and important branch of the literature of France. They seem almost coeval with that literature itself; and their supply has been abundant and uninterrupted from the days of old Philip de Comines and of the Duc de Sully to those of the revolution, the empire, and the restoration. A future day will probably bring to light, in similar forms, much of the private history of the present time. The peculiar propensity of the French to memoir-writing, and their admirable skill in it, must be accounted for by something in the national character and disposition; in the same way as some difference in the mental constitution of the sexes makes a lady's letter so much more easy, fluent, graceful, and lively, than a man's. In France, people of all ranks and conditions have been memoir-writers: grave statesmen, martial commanders, philosophers, courtiers, *littérateurs*, and artists of every class, and women of the highest fashion and the most brilliant accomplishments; and their productions form a body of literature without a parallel in the world. In themselves, they furnish pleasant reading from their wit, vivacity, and endless variety; while there is scarcely a topic connected with the history, the social condition, and the manners of France for several centuries, on which they do not throw floods of light. In this agreeable and valuable kind of literature, we have little to show; hardly anything, indeed, of consequence, beyond the writings of Horace Walpole, who possessed, among other Gallicisms of character, the gift of memoir-writing, and whose productions of the class make us regret that they stand almost alone in this branch of English composition; for we can not rank as belonging to it those memoirs of eminent men which are now-a-days manufactured after their death by professional authors, and generally as bookselling speculations. The memoirs we want are those of men and women of the

world, moving in the busy affairs of life, and actors as well as spectators in the scenes which they describe.

We have before us the third and fourth volumes of M. Barrière's "Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle;" a work still in progress of publication, which, when completed, must be of considerable magnitude. The first two volumes contain some memoirs relative to the close of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, and the regency; the volumes before us embrace the period from the accession of Louis the Fifteenth to the breaking out of the revolution in 1789; and those which have yet to appear will of course relate to the eventful time till the establishment and consolidation of the consular government under Bonaparte.

The third volume commences with the memoirs of Madame du Hausset, the femme de chambre of Madame de Pompadour. She was a person of condition, and treated by the royal favorite more as a companion than a servant; being trusted with all her mistress's secrets, admitted to her utmost privacy, and familiarly treated by all her associates, even the king himself. This soubrette seems to have been a shrewd, intelligent Frenchwoman, well aware of the interest of what was passing round her. Like Boswell, she was in the habit of writing down, from day to day, what she saw and heard. Her style is naive and simple; she shows much attachment to her mistress, and views without any severity the scenes she witnesses: but her miniature-painting has filled up the details of a picture of royal degradation and general corruption of morals paralleled only in the worst times of the Roman empire. Madame de Pompadour, a young married woman of the middle class, brought to the king's notice in furtherance of a court intrigue, soon gained a complete ascendancy over the royal sybarite, sank him deeper and deeper in sloth and sensuality, and for nearly twenty years governed the kingdom in his name; ruining its finances, involving it in disastrous and disgraceful wars, and exciting not only against herself, but the monarchy, the deep and concentrated hatred of the people, which afterwards exploded so terribly. That she did all this is well known; but how she did it can be learned only from such a source as these memoirs.

Some of the distinguished literati of the time figure in them in an amusing manner. The famous Quesnay, the chief of the sect of the Economists, was the king's physician in ordinary, and on intimate terms with the sultana; though he appears to have been a simple-minded man, uncontaminated by the manners of the court, and wrapped up in his philosophical theories. The following trait of him is told by Madame de Pompadour to her attendant.

"Do you know what Quesnay said to me one day! The king was talking to him in my apartment, and he looked so agitated and confused, that when the king left the room, I said to him, 'You look very much embarrassed before the king, and yet he is so good-natured!' 'Madam,' he answered, 'I was forty when I left my native village, and have little experience in the world. When I am in a room with the king, I say to myself—Here's a man who can cut my head off: and that idea troubles me.' 'But the king's justice and goodness ought to reassure you.' 'O, that is all very well to reason upon; but feeling is much

more prompt, and it inspires me with fear before I can muster up reasons against it.' I immediately (says Madame de Hausset) wrote this down that I might not forget it."

The king's treatment of literary men.

"The king, who admired everything connected with the age of Louis XIV., remembering that the Boileaus and Racines had been well-treated by him, and that a part of the glory of his reign was ascribed to them, was flattered that he himself in his own reign had a Voltaire; but he feared him and did not like him. He said, 'At any rate, I have treated him as well as Louis XIV. treated Racine and Boileau; I have given him, as Louis XIV. gave Racine, the place of a gentleman in ordinary, and a pension; it is not my fault if he commits follies, and thinks himself entitled to be chamberlain, to wear a cross, and sup with the king. This is not the fashion in France; and as there are rather more beaux esprits and noblemen here than in Prussia, I should need a very large table to hold them all.' And then he reckoned on his fingers, 'Mauvertuis, Fontenelle, La Mothe, Voltaire, Piron, Destouches, Montesquieu, Cardinal Polignac.' 'Your Majesty,' said somebody, 'forgets D'Alembert and Clairault.' 'Yes,' said the king; 'and Crebillon and La Chaussée.' 'And the younger Crebillon,' added some one; 'and the Abbé Prevost and D'Olivet.' 'Very well,' said the king; 'for these five-and-twenty years all that crew [*tout cela*, an expression of the utmost contempt] would have dined and supped with me.'"

The next memoirs are those of M. de Bachaumont, a member of the fashionable society of Paris in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth and the early part of that of his successor. He was in the habit, for many years, of keeping a diary for his own amusement and that of his friends. It was afterwards printed abroad, under the title of "Mémoires Historiques et Littéraires," in thirty-six volumes; from which a selection has been made by the editor of the present publication. The original volumes, he says, contain a mass of rubbish, of no interest or value in our day; which, when cleared away, leaves but a small residue behind; but this residue, he thinks, (and we agree with him,) is well worthy of preservation. It is a mélange, like that of Grimm, of all the topics of the day, public, literary, and fashionable, treated with a Frenchman's lightness and vivacity, and very entertaining; though, with all its gayety, it throws a melancholy light on the thoroughly corrupted state of French society in the years immediately preceding the revolution.

From some notices in this diary it appears that the death of Louis the Fifteenth (caused by small-pox in May, 1774) was the subject of general and undisguised rejoicing. The following scene took place at his funeral.

"The royal remains were conveyed to their resting-place on the day appointed, with an indecent haste, and an absolute destitution of ceremonial. The taverns along the road were full of drunken people, singing and making merry. One of them is talked of, who was so riotous that the people of the house wanted to turn him out, and refused to let him have any more wine; to get rid of him, they said that the king's funeral procession was going to pass. 'What!' he cried, 'he has made us die of hunger all his life, and now he is dead, is he going to make us die of thirst?'"

The most curious part of these memoirs is the

account given, day by day, of Voltaire's final visit to Paris. He arrived in February, 1778, and took up his abode with his relative, the Marquis de Villette. He was eighty-four years old, and a living skeleton; but as active, vain, and ambitious as ever. The details of the homage paid him by the Parisian literati and *bas bleus*, and his way of receiving it—his sarcasms, wit, and gallantry—his anxiety about the production of his last tragedy, *Irène*, and his presence at its performance—the siege laid to him by the clergy during his final illness in their zeal to extort from him a renunciation of his infidel opinions—his confessions under the influence of fear of death or physical weakness, and retractations of them when he rallied for a time his strength and spirits—and the closing scene of his life—are all full of character, and many of them are not mentioned by his biographers. From this part of the memoirs we shall translate a few passages

FRANKLIN AND VOLTAIRE.

"When Dr. Franklin called on M. de Voltaire, he presented to him his grandson; and, with an indecent and puerile adulation, or, according to some devout people, with a derisive impiety, he asked him to give the child his blessing. The philosopher, as good an actor as the doctor, rose, placed his hands on the little innocent's head, and pronounced with emphasis these three words—'God, Liberty, Toleration.'"

VOLTAIRE'S TEMPER.

"M. de Villette, a few days ago, had a large party at dinner. In sitting down to table, M. de Voltaire missed his drinking-cup, which he had marked with his seal. 'Where is my cup?' he said with flashing eyes, to a simple footman behind his chair, whose special duty it was to wait upon him. The poor devil, frightened out of his wits, stammered out a few words. 'Enemy of your master!' roared the old man in a fury, 'find my goblet—I will have my goblet—I won't dine without it!' Seeing that the goblet did not appear, he left the table in rage, went up to his room, and shut himself in. Madame Denis, Madame and M. de Villette, one after the other, went to beg him to come down, but in vain. At length, it was determined to depute the Marquis de Villeville, whom Voltaire is fond of from his pleasant and amiable manners. He knocked softly at the door. 'Who is there?' 'T is I—Villeville.' 'Ah,' said Voltaire, opening the door, 'it is you, my dear marquis; what do you want with me?' 'I am come in the name of all your friends, in despair at your absence, to beseech you to come down.' 'They ask me to come down?' 'They conjure you.' 'But, my dear friend, I dare not.' 'Why so?' 'They will laugh at me.' 'How can you think so! Have we not all our notions about things that belong to us? Does not everybody fancy his own glass, his penknife, or his pen?' 'Well, I see you wish to find an excuse for me. Let us rather own frankly that everybody has his foibles; I blush for mine; but yet I remember having read somewhere that the sage Locke was passionate. Go down first—I shall follow you.' A few minutes afterwards he appeared, and sat down to table, mimicking the timid awkwardness of a naughty child that expects a scolding. Some persons present, who told the story, assured us that they never saw him so amiable."

HIS CONFESSION.

"M. de Voltaire's partisans, not being able to deny the fact of his confession, which is too publicly known, are now trying to efface the disagreeable impressions it may produce by representing it as an act of derision; in proof of which, they repeat his reply to the curé who was exhorting him to reënter the pale of the church—'You are right, M. le Curé; we should die in the religion of our fathers. Were I on the banks of the Ganges, I should wish to expire with a cow's tail in my hand.' The following is his declaration of faith—I, the undersigned, declare, that being attacked at eighty-four years of age with a vomiting of blood, and being unable to drag myself to church, M. le Curé of St. Sulpice has added to his good works that of sending to me the Abbé Gautier, to whom I have made my confession; and that, if God dispose of me, I die in the holy Catholic religion in which I was born, hoping that the Divine mercy will pardon all my sins; and that, if I have scandalized the church, I beg pardon of God and it. Voltaire. 2d March, 1778, in the house of M. the Marquis de Villette, in presence of M. l'Abbé Mignot my nephew, and M. the Marquis de Villeville my friend."

HIS LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

"On the 1st April, M. de Voltaire went to the Comédie Française. The court of the building, large as it is, was full of people waiting for him. As soon as his carriage, sky-blue and spangled with stars, made its appearance, the assemblage of Savoyards, apple-women, and all the canaille of the neighborhood, burst into acclamations of 'Vive Voltaire!' The Marquis de Villette, who had previously arrived, and another friend, helped him to alight, and had some trouble to get him out of the crowd. When he entered the theatre, a crowd of a more elegant kind, and full of real enthusiasm for genius, surrounded him; the ladies especially threw themselves in his way, and stopped him that they might look at him the better; some of them eagerly touched his clothes, and others pulled hairs from the fur of his cloak.

"The saint, or rather the divinity of the day, was to occupy the box of the noblemen of the bed-chamber, opposite that of the Count d'Artois. Madame Denis and Madame de Villette were already seated, and the pit, in convulsions of joy, waited the poet's appearance. There was no rest till he was placed in the front row, beside the ladies. Then there was a cry, 'The crown!' and Brizard, the actor, came to place it on his head. 'Ah, Dieu, vous voulez donc me faire mourir!' cried Voltaire, weeping for joy, and refusing the honor. He took the crown in his hand and presented it to *Belle et bonne*, [his pet name for Madame de Villette;] she was declining it, when the Prince de Beauveau, seizing the laurel wreath, placed it on the head of the Sophocles of the hour; who refused it no longer.

"His new tragedy was acted, and applauded more than usual; but not enough to correspond with so triumphal a reception. When it was over, the curtain fell; and, rising again, discovered the bust of Voltaire, surrounded by all the performers, with palms and garlands in their hands. The bust was already crowned; and after a flourish of drums and trumpets, Madame Vestris declaimed, with an emphasis proportioned to the extravagance of the

scene, some verses composed for the occasion by the Marquis de St. Marc. Then they all, in succession, placed their garlands round the bust: Mademoiselle Fanier, in a transport of enthusiasm, kissed it, and all the rest followed her example.

"Voltaire's little comedy *Nanine*, was then performed; when it was over there was a fresh hubbub, and fresh embarrassment for the philosopher's modesty: when he got into his carriage, it was not allowed to proceed; the crowd threw themselves before the horses, and held them; and some young poets began a cry, to take out the horses, and draw the modern Apollo home; unluckily these enthusiasts were too few for the purpose, and at length the carriage was allowed to move on, in the midst of 'vivats,' which he could hear all the way to his residence. When he got home, he wept afresh, and modestly protested that if he had foreseen that the public would commit such follies he would not have gone to the theatre. Next day, his friends came in crowds to congratulate him on his triumph: he was unable to resist such ardor, kind feeling, and glory, and immediately resolved to buy a house and settle himself in Paris."

A CONTRAST.

"May 31. M. de Voltaire died last night, at eleven o'clock. As the priests refuse to bury him, and his friends dare not send his body to Ferney, where his tomb is waiting him, they are seeking means to get over the difficulty. * * *

A little before his death, the pastor, whose charity is indefatigable, again approached his bed and asked him if he believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ! The dying man hesitated a moment, and then answered—'Monsieur le Curé, laissez-moi mourir en paix.' He turned himself and expired, repairing, in the eyes of his disciples, the pusillanimity he had previously shown. The government, whose weakness appears in everything, has prohibited the actors from performing any piece of Voltaire's till further orders. It feared some fermentation in the public thus assembled. What a contrast with the coronation of the modern Sophocles three months ago!"

The fourth volume contains the Memoirs of the Baron de Besenval. They have been long published, and are more generally known than those which we have already noticed, having been frequently cited and referred to by Lacretelle and other historians of the revolution. De Besenval, a native of Switzerland, began his career as an officer of the Swiss Guards of Louis the Fifteenth; served with distinction in that corps in the Seven Years' war; rose to the rank of a general officer, and passed his life at the court of France till the breaking out of the revolution. Being a loyalist, his fortunes were involved in those of his sovereign; he was arrested, imprisoned, and narrowly escaped with his life. Had he survived till the "reign of terror," his escape from the guillotine would have been but temporary; but he died in June, 1791, in his seventieth year. His memoirs are almost exclusively political, and contain ample details respecting the character and transactions of the leading statesmen and other public personages—such as De Vergennes, the Duke d'Aiguillon, Calonne, Necker—who figured in the latter days

of the monarchy; and likewise of the members of the royal family, especially the queen and the Count d'Artois. As to the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth himself, he scarcely appears among the *dramatis personæ*—a striking mark of the nullity of his character. The reader of these memoirs will not find much novelty in the events which they relate; but they fill up the picture drawn by every contemporary writer, of the utter imbecility of the government, the corruption of every branch of its administration, the unblushing profligacy of the higher orders, and their blindness to the impending storm which they had drawn upon their own heads. There is no occasion to have recourse to the writings of "the philosophers" to account for the French Revolution: had no philosopher written a line, there was enough, in the wrongs of the people,

"To move
The stones of France to rise and mutiny."

THE TRAVELS OF A METEOR.—An astronomical correspondent of the *Morning Herald* having given an enlightened account of a meteor which appeared in the metropolitan heavens a few evenings since, concludes his letter by hoping that anybody else who may have observed it will communicate the time of observation, and the course the meteor took. We have collected a deal of information upon this subject, which is perfectly at the service of the above or any other astronomer who wishes to make use of it.

Mr. Napoleon Smith saw the meteor as he was coming out of the Adelphi Theatre. It came from the tail of the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and disappeared behind the garret-window of a house in George street, Adelphi. Cannot be positive about the hour, but it was somewhere between the burlesque and the farce.

Policeman C. 105, followed the meteor all down Regent street. It disappeared down the area of a house in Cavendish Square, and seemed to go into the kitchen. Went after it, but could not see it anywhere. Hour, supper time.

Miss Very Green saw a strong light as she was returning home from Islington. It shot into the heavens, and then burst into a golden shower of guineas. Held out her apron, but did not catch any. Asked what it was, and was told it was an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; which Miss Green thought was very likely indeed, considering Vesuvius is somewhere in the neighborhood of Rome. Time, the last 'bus to Barnes.

Cabman, Jim Downy. Does n't know nuffin about it. Saw somefin blueish, then reddish, up in the 'evans, but thought it was the fire-works at Wauxhall, and did n't trouble 'imself to look agin, as he's tired sering on 'em ev'ry night. They cum out of the chimbley of the Helephant and Castle, and vent he does n't know where. Carries no vatch, and does n't know the time ven he sees it.

We hope the above testimonies, which we sent out a commissioner purposely to collect, will be sufficiently luminous to support any celestial theory the *Morning Herald* correspondent may entertain.—*Punch*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Among the most extraordinary phenomena exhibited by Italy, the most wonderful is recorded in our pages this week. It is proposed to establish an association to promote free trade; and the proposal is thrown out, not in anonymous placards, nor in the shouts of rebels, but is deliberately made at the great scientific congress in Genoa, in the very view of authority; and what is more, it is favorably received! Certainly, free trade follows as the inevitable consequence of railways, just as much as free travelling does; and free political institutions will eventually follow both. The proposition is logical enough; it is also, in truth, highly wise, prudent, and conservative. The wonder is to see the "go-ahead" progress which the Italians are making. But they are a great people. Art and science have survived every national humiliation; and even political knowledge has flourished beneath the surface. Like the supernatural resident in the Castle of Otranto, political knowledge was really growing too big for its confined tenement; which it would have burst and shaken down, had not Pius the Ninth unlocked the iron doors of tyranny, allowed the fettered genius to feel its coming freedom, and so saved the structure.

The fermentation about the Montpensier marriage continues rapidly to subside, in London as well as in Paris and Madrid. The idea which we threw out last week touching the "forbidden bans"—that the treaty of Utrecht really has no provision to forbid a marriage—seems to have struck divers politicians as cogent; and we presume that it had occurred to others still more conversant with such matters. Aggressive gesticulations are now confessed to be silly, and official England has discreetly learned to be content with a passive sulkiness, not incompatible with a certain awkward dignity nor with returning good-humor. Lord Normanby, it is said by gossips, refuses at present to dine with king Louis Philippe; but we do not yet despair of seeing, at no distant day, that the marquis has taken a chop even with the Duc de Montpensier.

The two Spanish marriages have been solemnized; Spain has looked on in silence; the journalists, that threatened to prevent the match, driven from any tenable position in the present, rush into impressive vaticinations for the future; and Lord Palmerston has so far recovered his self-possession and good-humor, that, we see, Lord Normanby is to dine with M. Guizot. The nine-days' wonder is already declining in interest. Some console themselves with the reflection, that even if the match have no worse results, it will have impaired the mutual confidence and cordiality between France and England. Possibly: Louis Philippe's desperate push for his unendowed son, his youngest boy, may not without reason have scandalized English diplomatic etiquette in such matters; and there may be a coolness—to disappear at the first occasion for mutual service between the nations. As to the feeling in Spain—"enthusiasm" and affection for the French princes, according to the French ministerial writers; dogged, sullen dislike, coerced by armed power and bribes, according to British antagonists—it is to us most evidently that of perfect indifference. If the Spaniards had any more positive and stronger feeling, they would not

hesitate to express it pretty loudly.—*Spectator*, 17 Oct.

A REPORT was circulated in London early in the week, with ostentatious display, as if it were genuine intelligence, that Mexico had purchased peace from the United States by the cession of California; and there was a burst of indignation at the traitor Santa Anna, who "must have sold his country." The advices brought by the mail-steamer mention nothing of the sort; and the report now appears to have been a pure fabrication, of course for stock-jobbing purposes. Santa Anna's policy is still involved in doubt.

THE Cape of Good Hope appears to be at present the Algeria of England; only that the savages who keep our troops employed are not so warlike as the Arabs, nor endowed with such a leader as Abd-el-Kader. A perpetual movement, occasional successes of a paltry kind, lead to nothing decisive; while the government seems, like a policeman, always to be out of the way when he is wanted.

THE accounts from New Zealand provoke the bitterest reflections. The Hutt has again been the scene of a disastrous assault on the British troops, with such loss on our side as to incite the ignorant audacity of the savages. The whole course of affairs in New Zealand has been of a kind to delude the natives, as much as if the very object had been to lead them on by every possible show of weakness on the part of the British; and now, when Captain Grey had somewhat succeeded in counteracting such an impression, his lieutenant at Wellington, Major Richmond, does his best to restore it. Major Richmond was warned of the attack; but he received the warning with absurd incredulity—rebuffed the friendly natives, disbanded the militia, and in short acted as if he were agent for the enemy. Of course we do not mean to imply anything of *that* kind. But he belongs to the old set of officials, who, incapable in themselves, were thoroughly demoralized by the perverse rule which has distinguished the local government. Captain Grey ought to have swept away the whole set.

THE memoir of Thomas Clarkson, published in the papers recently, omitted to mention that he was a clergyman of the established church. Such, nevertheless, is the fact. He was made a deacon in early life; but his exertions in the cause of Emancipation brought him into connexion with many estimable Quakers, whose views he imbibed to a very considerable extent. The consequence was, that he dropped the title of "reverend," and ceased to officiate as a clergyman.—*Globe*.

THE marriages of Queen Isabella and the Infanta were solemnized in the Hall of the Ambassadors, at half-past ten, P. M., on the 10th instant. All the royal family were present, as well as the high dignitaries of the state, the church, and the household; the foreign ambassadors; and a host of nobles, ladies, guards, &c. A sumptuous temporary altar was erected on the left of the throne. All having taken their stations, the religious ceremony commenced. It is briefly described by the correspondent of the *Morning Post*—

"The queen, who was as pale as her sister was flushed, descended the steps of the throne; the Infante Francisco de Assis placing himself by her

side; the queen-mother being on her majesty's right. At the same time, the infanta and the Duke de Montpensier, with the Duke d'Anmale, stationed themselves on the right of Queen Christina. The patriarch of the Indies read a short exhortation upon the duties of matrimony, and proceeded through the usual form of demanding of the principals, whether there was any impediment why they should not enter the bonds of holy wedlock, and whether they accepted each other for husband and wife! He then blessed them with the sign of the cross, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This concluded the ceremony; and immediately after, Queen Christina, who was observed to raise her handkerchief to her eyes more than once during its continuance, embraced her daughters, and kissed the Duke de Montpensier and the Infante Francisco de Assiz on the forehead. At the same time, the brides and bridegrooms received the congratulations of the royal family; and the queen and her sister retired with their husbands."

The Duke de Montpensier had presented Señor Isturiz with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, and with a snuff-box set in brilliants, bearing the portrait of king Louis Philippe.

"Our Paris correspondent," says the *Times*, "announces some facts of an unpleasant character connected with this affair"—

"The much-desired despatches from Vienna had reached the French government, and conveyed Prince Metternich's surprise that the British government should have found in the treaty of Utrecht anything that could prohibit the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier with the Infanta Donna Luisa. The prince declared to the French ambassador, Count Flahaut, that he regarded the conduct of France in the affair as perfectly justifiable; and repeated the same language to Sir R. Gordon, the British ambassador. 'The Austrian government,' adds our correspondent, 'will necessarily bring with it those of Berlin and St. Petersburg to the side of France.' 'This is not all, however,' continues our correspondent: 'the king of Holland, to whom, when in London, the British court displayed so much coldness last summer, returned to his states overflowing with indignation. His majesty, it seems, makes a return by giving vent to his delight at the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier with the Spanish infanta. His majesty is described as delighted with the check to British pride given by the *coup* of the king of the French.'"
—*Spectator*, 17 Oct.

THE *Clamor Publico* announces that Mr. Richard Cobden, the "celebrated economist," has arrived at Madrid; and claims for him a hearty welcome by the Spanish liberal party.

THE *Suffolk Chronicle* mentions an instance of "Sir Robert Peel's unobtrusive benevolence." It was related by Mr. Wilderspin, in a lecture which he delivered at the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution; and the anecdote is given in the speaker's own words—

"Some of you have heard of Haydon the painter,

whose death was rather lamentable; and no doubt, you have heard that Sir Robert Peel, the late prime minister of England, sent that man 50*l.* in his distress. It ought to be known, by my moving about the country in this manner—and I never thought of self, for I always had faith that my countrymen would not allow me to die in a union, and that the Almighty would not allow me to ask for the common necessities of life—that I had spent all my money. I was at last reduced to the utmost extremity. I wanted a crust of bread; yet I kept the secret within my own breast. I set out for an obscure village, where I thought I would end my days. A friend called upon me. And when I had not a single shilling in my house—when I had nothing to offer him, for I felt I should degrade my cause by running into debt—when my poor dog was as thin as my children—50*l.* came from the prime minister of England, Sir Robert Peel. Thus, you see, there are two men whom he has benefited: one is now in the eternal world, and the other is the humble individual who stands before you."

THREE gentlemen abroad lay claim to the invention of a fulminating gun-cotton. M. Chodosko, a Pole, has exhibited some at the Academy of Sciences in Paris; but it has the defect of leaving a considerable deposit in the gun-barrel. M. Morel, a mechanical engineer at Paris, has taken out a patent for his invention; which has received scientific and official approbation. "Burned on the hand, it causes no sensible pain, leaves no stain, and produces no smoke. Dipped in water and pressed, and afterwards dried between two leaves of blotting-paper, it preserves its fulminating properties." Another inventor is Dr. Otto, Professor of Chemistry in Brunswick. Sneering at those who have been before him in protecting their inventions, he says that he "scorns to sell or take out a patent for his very interesting discovery;" and he publishes his method of making the cotton, "for the general good of the public"—

"Common well-cleaned cotton is dipped for about half-a-minute in highly concentrated nitric acid, (the acid which I use being made by the distillation of ten parts of dried saltpetre and six of oil of vitriol,) and then instantly placed in water, which must be often renewed, in order to free the cotton from the acid with which it is impregnated. Care must then be taken that all the knotty particles of the cotton are properly disentangled, and that it is thoroughly dried. After this, the explosive preparation is ready for use: its effects create astonishment in all who witness them; and the smallest portion explodes when struck on an anvil with a hammer, like fulminating powder; when kindled with a glowing body, it takes fire just like gunpowder; and when used in a gun, its operation, though in a far greater proportion to its weight, is precisely the same as that of gunpowder. This gun-cotton is employed exactly in the same way as gunpowder: a piece of it is rammed down the barrel, then a bit of wadding, and after that a ball; a copper cap ignites and explodes the cotton."

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Hochelaga; or, England in the New World.* Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq., Author of "The Crescent and the Cross." 2 vols. London. 1846.
2. *The Emigrant.* By Sir F. B. HEAD, Bart. London. 1846.

"HOCHELAGA" puzzled us as much as "Eöthen" did many fair readers of book-advertisements. We guessed it was a name affixed by the Scandinavian forerunners of Columbus to the coast of North America, or the part of it where they disembarked—and as all young ladies are now German scholars, they will understand our interpretation of its meaning: but it turns out that *Hochelaga* is an aboriginal Indian name for Canada. The name, however, is sonorous, and looks grand on the title-page of a book which might have dispensed with anything unable to be classed in the category of claptrap. The editor, in a very modest preface, intimates that the author is a friend of his, who could not personally superintend the printing, and who, though unwilling to blazon his own name, felt that the public were entitled to some guaranty for the character of one whose work included many statements of a somewhat startling description. We see no reason to doubt that the nameless writer is worthy of Mr. Warburton's friendship, and therefore of our full confidence. We infer that he is a regimental officer, employed during several years past in Canada. His composition is not to be ranked with that of "The Crescent and the Cross," but it is still very meritorious: and his principles and feelings appear to be in every respect those of an enlightened English gentleman. Without any regular arrangement of his materials, he has contrived to include in these two little volumes a very entertaining view of the scenery and the manners of our Canadian provinces, not a few striking sketches of their past history, and a sober estimate of the results of recent legislation—down to the period at which he wrote. We are sorry that he dismissed his MS. before the great measures of last session had reached our fellow-subjects in *Hochelaga*; but, from his bright picture of their anticipations as to the working of some not old arrangements then abruptly overturned, we can hardly doubt that he has entered warmly into their present feelings of alarm and despondency.

Mr. Warburton's friend, though a hearty conservative and churchman, and of course anything but an admirer of the political institutions of the United States, or approver of the motives, any more than of the proceedings, of the late Canadian rebels, writes on the transactions of the insurgent period and of their consequences, as far as developed under his observation, with the calmness of a bystander—with perfect temper—sorry evidently for much that had been done under British authority, but modestly willing to hope that what vexed him might have really been considered a matter of unavoidable necessity by the responsible advisers of the crown. Far different, it will readily be supposed, is the tone in which Sir Francis Head once more recurs to the incidents of that short period to which he looks back as the marking epoch of his own life—the two years during which he represented his sovereign in one of our noblest dependencies—witnessed an unprovoked invasion of her Majesty's territory by republican sympathizers acting in

combination with her rebellious subjects—appealed to the loyalty of the people of Upper Canada—saw his appeal enthusiastically received and seconded by them—suppressed insurrection—repelled invasion, and vindicated and maintained the rights and the honor of the flag committed to his trust; returning, with imminent hazard of his life, through the native state of the "sympathizers," and greeted on his arrival in England by the astounding intelligence of the beginning of a series of measures on the part of the British government, the obvious intention of which was, as their effect has been, to rebuke and sadden the loyal spirit of Canada, and to instal not only in the tranquillity of amnesty, but in the triumph of legalized predominance, the provincial faction by whom the queen's authority had been insulted, her faithful servants massacred, every effort made to dis sever from her crown the magnificent possessions so well entitled to the name of "England in the New World." He assuredly, if he should live for thirty years to come, would be as incapable then as he is now of writing coolly on these subjects; and far, very far, be it from us to quarrel with his warmth. In that short period was condensed for him the poetry of a lifetime—every feeling and every energy strained to the topmost pitch—hope, zeal, gallant devotion, generous confidence, the magic of loyal brotherhood, the exultation of conscious heroism and of complete success—to be followed and darkly relieved by a most disheartening series of reversals. Suddenly, without solicitation or expectation—without ever having dreamt of such a thing any more than of the mitre of Canterbury—he had been appointed to a viceroyalty in British America. Repairing thither, he had been called on to encounter difficulties as unforeseen as his own elevation; but as he had fortunately been in his earlier life trained and exercised in arms under the great captain, these difficulties were not found too severe for his resources. As the impartial author of "*Hochelaga*" says, "the daring policy of Sir Francis Head was eminently successful." As suddenly, his work done, he was dismissed from his high position. A title of hereditary honor had been given him: to withhold that would have outraged the universal sentiment of the country, as well as the grateful heart of the sovereign he had so well served. But from that moment the chill of official discountenance enveloped him: and how could it be otherwise, since he had made himself the very type and symbol to all the British colonies of the principles which were now to be put under ban? Since then six years have passed over his head in private obscurity; but he is still looked to with undiminished regret and respect by the old friends of England in the "England of the New World;" and his heart beats in unison with theirs, while the features of his personal intercourse with them, and of their adopted country, remain stamped in ineffaceable vividness on the memory and imagination (usually commensurate) of a man of genius—a man whose powers of description and declamation are answerable to the keenness of his eye and the glow of his sentiments, and which, we must at once say, have never been displayed more brilliantly than in "*The Emigrant*."

We read with gratification and benefit every year many new books, well worthy of all that their authors aspire to—the popularity of a season or two. We are pleased and thankful: we soon read, and we perhaps too soon forget them; but with what different feelings do we turn the leaves of a new book

*Reprinted by Wiley & Putnam, New York.

when, after advancing a few pages or chapters, it is, as the Methodists say, "borne in upon us" that we hold in our hands a document which is certain to be opened with unfaded interest long after we as well as the author shall have "joined the majority"—a record which must fix itself into the abiding literature of our language, and be studied by whoever shall attempt in future times to master the history of this wonderful age of the British empire! Such, we venture to say, is the character which every mature reader will at once perceive to be that of this "Emigrant." From this the future Mahon will gather the means of enlivening the detail of our annals—from this the Macaulay of another day will draw the minute circumstances which preserve the very form and image of the past.

It is not, however, our purpose to write a political article on "Hochelaga" and "The Emigrant." We are content to recommend the former work most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be unacquainted with it, and to avail ourselves of the opportunity to enrich our own pages with some specimens of the other, which, from accidental circumstances, as we are told, cannot be published for some weeks to come. And, in selecting these specimens, we shall adhere for the most part to the purely descriptive chapters of the book—leaving the properly political ones to produce their own just impression upon those who peruse them by-and-by in the author's own arrangement, as constituting in themselves a complete portraiture of a most remarkable episode in British history—one to be linked on, no question, to great coming events.

We begin with the beginning—Sir Francis Head's chapter entitled "A New Sky"—being his bold and rapid summary of to him novel aspects of nature under the climate of the Canadas. This chapter is an excellent specimen, not only of his very peculiar talent for painting with the pen, but of his skill in bringing science down to the humblest capacity—a skill in which he has not been surpassed by even the very reverend canonicologist of Westminster. What a lecturer he would have made for a merry tiffin of the British Association!

"However deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favor of his own country, yet I think it is impossible for him to cross the Atlantic without admitting that in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the new world Nature has not only outlined her works on a larger scale, but has painted the whole picture with brighter and more costly colors than she used in delineating and in beautifying the old world. The heavens of America appear infinitely higher—the sky is bluer—the clouds are whiter—the air is fresher—the cold is intenser—the moon looks larger—the stars are brighter—the thunder is louder—the lightning is vivid—the wind is stronger—the rain is heavier—the mountains are higher—the rivers larger—the forests bigger—the plains broader; in short, the gigantic and beautiful features of the new world seem to correspond very wonderfully with the increased locomotive powers and other brilliant discoveries which have lately been developed to mankind.

"The difference of climate in winter between the old and new world amounts, it has been estimated, to about thirteen degrees of latitude. Accordingly, the region of North America which basks under the same sun or latitude as Florence, is visited in winter with a cold equal to those of

St. Petersburg or of Moscow; and thus, while the inhabitant of the Mediterranean is wearing cotton or other light clothing, the inhabitant of the very same latitude in the new world is to be found either huddled close to a stove hot enough to burn his eyes out, or muffled up in furs, with all sorts of contrivances to preserve the very nose on his face, and the ears on his head, from being frozen.

"This extra allowance of cold is the effect of various causes—one of which I will endeavor shortly to describe. It is well known that so far as temperature is concerned, 300 feet of altitude are about equal to a degree of latitude; accordingly, that by ascending a steep mountain—the Himalayas, for instance—one may obtain, with scarcely any alteration of latitude, and in a few hours, the same change of temperature which would require a long journey over the surface of the earth to reach; and thus it appears that in the hottest regions of the globe there exist impending stratifications of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes. Now, as soon as moisture or vapor enters these regions, in southern countries it is condensed into rain, and in the winter of northern ones it is frozen into snow, which, from its specific gravity, continues its feathery descent until it is deposited upon the surface of the ground, an emblem of the cold region from which it has proceeded. But from the mere showing of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who lands at Lisbon, or as in England a pauper who enters a parish in which he is not entitled to settlement, and, therefore, just as the parish officers, under the authority of the law, vigorously proceed to eject the pauper, so does Nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejection is as follows: The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the surface of the snow; and as soon as the former has taken to itself a portion of the cold, the wind bringing with it a new atmosphere, repeats the operation; and thus on, until the mass of snow is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

"But while the combined action of sun and wind are producing this simple effect in the old world, there exists in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstruction to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from the sun and protected from the wind; and thus every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an almost boundless ice-house, from which there slowly but continuously arises, like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the northwest prevailing wind wafts over the south, and which freezes everything in its way. The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg. In South America I remember a trifling instance of the same effect. I was walking in the main street of San Jago in the middle of the summer, and, like every human or living being in the city, was exhausted by extreme heat, when I suddenly felt as if some one was breathing upon my face with frozen lungs.

I stopped, and turning round, perceived at a little distance a line of mules laden with snow, which they had just brought down from the Andes. And if this insignificant cargo—if the presence of a solitary little iceberg in the ocean can produce the sensation I have described, it surely need hardly be observed how great must be the freezing effects on the continent of North America, of the northwest wind blowing over an uncovered ice-house, composed of masses of accumulated snow several feet in thickness, and many hundreds of miles both in length and breadth.

"Now it is curious to reflect that—while every backwoodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, in clearing his location—every tree which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been said scarcely to exceed that which the seams of a coat bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the assiduity of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt affected the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any important change.

"But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she often unobservedly produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost invisible; and accordingly while the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are laboring almost in vain in the regions in question, swarms of little flies, strange as it may sound, are, and for many years have been, most materially altering the climate of the great continent of North America.

"The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*. The wily Indian, observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed, that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America."

But, besides, the effect that this small machinery is producing on the thermometer, it is simultaneously working out another great operation of Nature.

"Although the game, to avoid the stings of their tiny assailants, come from distant regions to the smoke, and therein fall from the arrows and rifles of their human foes, yet this burning of the forest destroys the rabbits and small game, as well as the young of the larger game; and therefore, just as brandy and whisky for a short time raise the spirits of the drunkard, but eventually leave him pale, melancholy, and dejected, so does this vicious, improvident mode of poaching game for a short time

fatten, but eventually afflict with famine all those who have engaged in it; and thus, for instance, the Beaver Indians, who forty years ago were a powerful and numerous tribe, are now reduced to less than one hundred men, who can scarcely find wild animals enough to keep themselves alive. In short, the red population is diminishing in the same ratio as the destruction of the moose and wood buffalo on which their forefathers had subsisted; and as every traveller, as well as trader, in those various regions confirms these statements, how wonderful is the dispensation of the Almighty, under which, by the simple agency of little flies, not only is the American Continent gradually undergoing a process which, with other causes, will assimilate its climate to that of Europe, but that the Indians themselves are clearing and preparing their own country for the reception of another race, who will hereafter gaze at the remains of the elk, the bear, and the beaver, with the same feelings of astonishment with which similar vestiges are discovered in Europe—the monuments of a state of existence that has passed away!"

After some more dissertation on the climate generally of North America, as constituting the most extraordinary feature in its physical character—and especially on the contrast between its West Indian summers and its Norwegian winters—he comes to the Christmas scenery of Canada in particular.

"Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the face resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax. In a calm almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes occasionally almost unbearable; indeed, I remember seeing the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold northwest wind that was blowing upon us all.

"Of late years, English fireplaces have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate, which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the morning. And as a further instance of the climate, I may add, that several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my despatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink; again, after washing in the morning, when I took up some money that had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied it had become sticky, until I discovered that the sensation was caused by its freezing to my fingers, which, in consequence of my ablutions, were not perfectly dry."

In spite of this intensity of cold, the powerful circulation of the larger quadrupeds keeps the blood in their veins, as the movement of the waters does the great lakes, from freezing; but the human frame not being gifted with equal vigor, many every winter lose their limbs, and some their lives, from sheer cold.

"I one day inquired of a fine, ruddy, honest-looking man who called upon me, and whose toes and

insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again. His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected.

"On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving, one bright beautiful day, in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually as it were turning into marble, and by the time he stopped, both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen that he was obliged to have them amputated.

"Although the sun, from the latitude, has considerable power, it appears only to illuminate the sparkling snow, which, like the sugar on a bridal cake, conceals the whole surface. The instant however the fire of heaven sinks below the horizon, the cold descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon the head and shoulders from a jug."

If any Canadian artist aspires to rival the famous sign-posts of "Les Quatre Saisons" at Wiesbaden, he will find his materials ready to his hand in what follows:—

"In the summer, the excessive heat—the violent paroxysms of thunder—the parching drought—the occasional deluges of rain—the sight of bright-red, bright-blue, and other gaudy-plumaged birds—of the brilliant humming-bird, and of innumerable fire-flies that at night appear like the reflection upon earth of the stars shining above them in the heavens, would almost persuade the emigrant that he was living within the tropics.

"As autumn approaches, the various trees of the forest assume hues of every shade of red, yellow, and brown, of the most vivid description. The air gradually becomes a healthy and delightful mixture of sunshine and frost, and the golden sunsets are so many glorious assemblages of clouds—some like mountains of white wool, others of the darkest hues—and of broad rays of yellow, of crimson, and of golden light, which without intermixing radiate upwards to a great height from the point of the horizon at which the deep red luminary is about to disappear.

"As the winter approaches the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country become white, every living being seems to be sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive. The gaudy birds, humming-birds, and fire-flies, depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild-fowl take refuge in the lakes—until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions; and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of

cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a fitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farm-house: and even many of the fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbors during the period they are covered with ice.

"Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, I always felt that there was something indescribably awful and appalling in all these bestial, birdal, and piscial precautions; and yet it is with pride that one observes that while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm:—and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as the winter, when it does arrive, turns out to be a season of hilarity and of healthy enjoyment. Not only is the whole surface of the ground, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamized with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh; but every harbor becomes a national playground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

"In all directions running water gradually congeals. The mill-wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent, in which it remains as in a glass case; and I have even seen small waterfalls begin to freeze on both sides, until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror. Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is infinitely below freezing, yet the restless rise and fall of the waves prevent their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made a rule from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather and during extreme cold, the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the air; but before it could reach me it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet. But although the great lake, for want of a moment's tranquillity, cannot congeal, yet for hundreds of miles along its shores the waves, as they break on the ground, instantly freeze—and this operation continuing by night as well as by day, the quiet shingled beach is converted throughout its whole length into high, sharp, jagged rocks of ice, over which it is occasionally difficult to climb. I was one day riding with a snaffle-bridle on the glare ice of the great bay of Toronto, on a horse I had just purchased, without having been made aware of his vice, which I afterwards learned had been the cause of a serious accident to his late master, when he suddenly, unasked, explained it to me by running away. On one side of me was the open water of the lake, into which if I had ridden, I should almost instantly have been covered with a coating of ice as white as that on a candle that has just received its first dip; while on every other side I was surrounded by these jagged rocks of ice, the narrow passes through which I was going much too fast to be able to investigate. My only course, therefore, was to force my horse round and round within the circumference of the little troubles that environed me, and this I managed to do, every time diminishing the circle, until, before I was

what Sydney Smith termed 'squirrel-minded,' the animal became sufficiently tired to stop.

"The scene on these frozen harbors and bays in winter is very interesting. Sleighs, in which at least one young representative of the softer sex is generally seated, are to be seen and heard driving and tinkling across in various directions, or occasionally standing still to witness a trotting-match or some other amusement on the ice. In the midst of this scene, here and there are a few dark spots on the surface which it is difficult to analyze even when approached, until from beneath the confused mass there gradually arises, with a mild 'Why-disturb-me?' expression of countenance, the red face and shaggy head of an Indian, who for hours has been lying on his stomach to spear fish through a small hole which, for that purpose, he has cut through the ice. In other parts are to be seen groups of men occupied in sawing out for sale large cubical blocks of ice of a beautiful bluish appearance, piled upon each other like dressed Bath-stones for building. The water of which this ice is composed is as clear as crystal, resembling that which has lately been imported to England as well as to India, and which has become a new luxury of general use."

We have now a charming bit of lecture on the most delightful novelty of our own London summer—the *Wenham ice* :—

"I have often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its 'being hot as fire,' and 'as cold as ice,' just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe. The heat of boiling water is a fixed quantity, and any attempt to make water hotter than 'boiling' only creates steam, which flies off from the top exactly as fast as, and exactly in the proportion to, the amount of heat, be it great or small, that is applied at the bottom.

"Now, for want of half a moment's reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than ice; and accordingly if a good-humored man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in anybody attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other; but on the contrary, the extra cold is added to and retained by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until in Lower Canada it occasionally sinks to forty degrees below zero, or to seventy-two degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice-houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investi-

gation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or in other words, it contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which again contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value, that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold—until, long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water. The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their 'crops of ice,' just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat."

On seeing for the heading of a chapter "The Emigrant's Lark," we confess we anticipated the details of some spirited episode in the personal history of Lieutenant-Governor Sir F. B. Head, but no—it is a simple humble story about a poor emigrant cobbler—told with all Sir Francis' quaintness of humor, and that, as is so often the case with him, delightfully mellowed with a subdued and amiable pathos :—

"Henry Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec.

"Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London called Charley Nash. Now Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good sky-lark to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called 'a real good un' among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded, but when he returned to London he found that his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the tower stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer that was starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling along-side, he was soon recognized by Patterson and his wife, who, with a crowd of other male and female emigrants, of all ages, were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing. 'Here 's a bird for you, Harry,' said Nash to Patterson, as, standing upon the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat, 'and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard.' Patterson, descending a few steps from the gang-way, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called *Charley* in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

"In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting *Charley*, whom he had preserved and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

"After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he

drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common sky-lark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

"As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer!

"The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada can probably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long-continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their father-land, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs of a common homely-dressed English lark! Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even *they* could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate radicals he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events for his size) the most powerful advocate of church and state in her majesty's dominions; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

"Three times, as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lap-stone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows like a scaramouch, three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark; an old farmer repeatedly offered him one hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world, his horse and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one."

We infer that Henry Patterson turned out, like many others of his class, when Sir F. Head called on the liegemen of the crown to withstand and chastise the "sympathizers," and that the poor cobbler was slain in his humble efforts to discharge what he was so unenlightened as to regard as his duty. The historian's method of alluding to the fact is highly characteristic, it must be allowed—as much so as his excellency's own procedure in consequence thereof.

"On a certain evening of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop-windows were half-closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold, and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner—the lord and the master of poor Patterson's lark.

"It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this 'Charley-is-my-darling' sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that in the conservatory of government house at Toronto Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather *want* of movement, in my elbows—or whether from some mysterious feelings, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me.

"On leaving Canada I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work—he sang after the legislative council—the executive council—the house of assembly of the province had ceased forever to exist—he sang all the while the imperial parliament were framing and agreeing to an act by which even the name of *Upper Canada* was to cease to exist—he sang all the while Lords John Russell and Sydenham were arranging, effecting, and perpetuating upon the United Provinces of Canada the baneful domination of what they called "responsible government;" and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of her majesty's dominions—he died.

"Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him.

"I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper upon which I have written the following words:—*This Lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence, and after singing*

Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, universally regretted.—Home! Home! meet Home!"

This little story has tempted us into the border-land of politics—but not surely so as to hurt the feelings of any bird-fancying Exaltado. We are afraid we cannot promise quite as much for our next quotation. Nevertheless, we fancy even Sir Francis Head's stiffest political opponents will (now that his days of governorship are so well over) bear with his, however weak and feverish, enthusiasm about what was to him the sacred symbol of a creed that they would consign to the same department of the British Museum which contains the skin of Pharaoh and the wig of Potiphar. We are about to plunder a chapter called "The British Flag."

"On my arrival at Toronto, people from all parts of the province, propelled by a variety of feelings which they could not control, were seen centripetally riding, driving, or walking towards government house. One, in pure English, described to me the astonishing luxuriance of the western district; another, in a strong Irish brogue, the native beauty of Lake Simcoe; another, in broad Scotch, explained to me the value of the timber trade on the Ottawa; one confidently assured me that in his district there were veins of coal—another hinted at indications of copper—one raved about a fishery—another was in raptures about the college—some described to me Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario—several the Falls of Niagara—all praised the climate; 'and yet,' said I to myself, as absorbed in deep melancholy I imperfectly listened to their descriptions in detail, 'and yet how is it that in the foreground of this splendid picture I can nowhere see the British flag? Except by its powerful influence, how can I, inexperienced and unsupported, expect to stand against the difficulties which are about to assail me? Except by its eloquence, how can I advocate the glorious institutions of our country? Except under its blessing, how can I even hope to prosper? With nothing to look up to, and nothing to die under, an admiral might as well attempt to fight a ship without a pennant, or to go to sea in a ship without a bottom, as that I should vainly undertake to govern Canada from a house with nothing on its roof to greet the winds of heaven but stacks of reeking chimneys.'

"In building, I know quite well that it is usual to commence by laying what is vulgarly called the foundation stone; however, I determined that I would begin to build my political edifice from the top, and accordingly in due time there appeared on the roof of government house, first, half a dozen workmen mysteriously hammering away as if at their own skins, then a tall straight staff wearing a small foraging cap on its head appeared, as if it had started up by magic, or like a mushroom had risen in the night; and lastly, an artilleryman, in his blue jacket and red cuffs was seen, with extended arms, to haul up, hand over hand, and to leave behind him, joyfully fluttering in the wind, the British flag.

"What were my own feelings when I first beheld this guardian angel hovering over my head I had rather not divulge, but the sensation it created throughout the province I need not fear to describe. 'There's no mistaking what that means!' exclaimed an old Canadian colonel of militia who happened to be standing with a group of his comrades, at the moment the artilleryman finished his

job. 'Now what's the use of that, I should just like to know!' muttered a well-known supporter of republican principles. However, the latter observation was but an exception to the rule, for the truth is, that the sight of the British flag extinguished rather than excited all narrow jealousies, all angry feelings, all party distinctions, all provincial animosities. Its glorious history rushed through the mind and memory to the heart of almost every one who beheld it. The Irish Catholic, the Orangeman, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Methodist, the English reformer, the voters for ballot, for universal suffrage, for responsible government, or, in other terms, for 'no governor,' for liberty and equality, and for other theoretical nonsense which they did not clearly understand, as if by mutual consent, forgot their differences as they gazed together upon what all alike claimed as their common property, their common wealth, their common parent; and while, as if rejoicing at the sight of its congregation, the hallowed emblem fluttered over their heads—it told them they were the children of one family—it admonished them to love one another—it bade them fear nothing but God, honor their sovereign, and obey their own laws. From sunrise till sunset this 'bit of bunting' was constantly, as from a pulpit, addressing itself to the good feelings of all who beheld it—and especially to the members of both branches of the legislature, who, in their way to, and return from, parliament-buildings, had to walk almost underneath it twice a day during the session. In all weathers it was there to welcome them, as well as all conditions of men; sometimes, in the burning heat of summer, it hung motionless against the staff, as if it had just fainted away from the dull sultry mugginess of the atmosphere; at other times it was occasionally almost veiled by the white snow-storm, termed 'poudré,' that was drifting across it. Some one truly enough declared that 'the harder it blew the smaller it grew;' for, as there were flags of several sizes, it was deemed prudent to select one suited to the force of the gale, until, during the hurricanes that occasionally occur, it was reduced from its smallest size to a 'British Jack' scarcely bigger than a common pocket handkerchief; nevertheless, large or small, blow high, or blow low, this faithful sentinel was always at his post.

"For many years the English, Irish, and Scotch inhabitants of Upper Canada had been in the habit, on the days of their respective patron saints, of meeting, and (very prudently before dinner) of marching together arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand, or 'shoulder to shoulder,' in procession down King-street to government house, which forms the western extremity of that handsome thoroughfare of the city. These assemblages were naturally productive of glorious recollections and of noble sentiments; and, as I have already stated, they allayed rather than excited all provincial disputes. It was highly desirable to encourage them: and as for some time there had been carefully preserved in the government store an immense silk standard, sent from England, and which had been hoisted on a flag-staff opposite parliament-buildings on the opening of the provincial legislature, on the birth-day of the sovereign, and on other State occasions, I directed that on the three days alluded to the artilleryman who had charge of the flag-staff on government house should lower the ordinary flag so soon as the head of the procession, preceded by its band, made

its appearance ; and then, as it approached, to haul up this great imperial standard.

"It would be difficult to describe to those who have never been long from England, and quite unnecessary to explain to those who have, the feelings with which the followers of each of these three processions received the compliment, so justly due to the distinguished day on which they had respectively assembled. Every man, as he marched towards the imperial standard, which he saw majestically rising in the sky to receive him, felt convinced that his stature was increasing, that his chest was expanding, that the muscles of his legs were growing stronger, and that his foot was descending firmer and heavier to the ground. The musicians' lungs grew evidently stouter, the drummer's arms moved quicker ; the national airs of 'God save the queen,' 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' and 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' resounded louder and louder ; and as the sacred object upon which every eye was fixed in its ascension slowly floated and undulated across the pure deep-blue sky, it gradually revealed to view a glittering mass of hieroglyphics out of which every man ravenously selected those which he conceived to be especially his own.

"*What animals are those ?*" said a man through his nose, on St. George's day, as he pointed to the congregation of lions with fists clenched ready to box, and of unicorns quite as eager to butt, that were waving over his head. "*Is it animals you're spaking after !*" sharply replied a young Irishman, who like the querist had been standing in the crowd, waiting to see the procession of Englishmen arrive : "*ane of thim animals I tell ye is THE IRISH HARP ; and so get out o' that, ye — Yankee, or I'll bate the soul out o' ye !*" Now it so happened that by the time the last words were ejaculated, the young Irishman's white teeth had almost reached the middle-aged querist's eyebrows ; and as they were evidently advancing, and as the surgical operation proposed strongly resembled that of taking the kernel out of a nut, or an oyster out of its shell, the republican naturalist deemed it prudent instantly to decamp, or, as it is termed by his fellow-countrymen, to *absquantilate*.

"A number of instances, more or less amusing, were mentioned to me exemplifying the strong feelings of attachment to the mother country elicited by the parental presence of the British Flag. A compliment, however, was paid to it by one of its most bitter enemies, which, as it forms part of an important subject, and elucidates a serious moral, I will venture to relate."

Sir Francis now mentions what occurred to him on his arrival in Toronto after the suppression of the M'Kenzie outbreak :—

"On entering the room which to me, as well as to my predecessors, had, by day and by night, been the scene of many an anxious hour, and in which I had been in the habit of transacting the whole of my public business, my first feeling was, naturally enough, one of humble gratitude to that Supreme Power which had given victory to our cause ; and I was in the pleasing enjoyment of reflections of this nature when one of my attendants entering the room delivered to me a card, and informed me that Mr. Bidwell was in the waiting-room, and that he appeared extremely desirous to see me.

"When I first arrived in the province this Mr. Bidwell was Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly, in which he commanded a republican majority. Without, however, repeating details

which are now matters of history, I will briefly remind the reader, that after I had dissolved the House of Assembly, and had appealed to the people to assist me in resisting the principle of "responsible government" which Mr. Bidwell and Mr. Baldwin had endeavored to force upon me, the former not only ceased to be speaker, but he and almost every other member of his republican majority lost their election, and were replaced by members firmly attached to British institutions.

"The insignificant gang of conspirators whose declamations had caused so much sensation in England, seeing that they had irrecoverably lost all power in the legislature of Upper Canada, were induced by a *secret influence*, which I shall shortly have occasion to expose, to endeavor to attain by force of arms that system of 'responsible government' which by argument they had failed to obtain. In this conspiracy, as well as in the rebellion which had just been suppressed, Mr. Bidwell had been deeply implicated ; and, indeed, up to the very moment of the outbreak he had been in communication with Dr. Rolph, Mr. M'Kenzie, and other leaders of the rebellion. Although, however, he had acted with extreme caution, and although, being what is commonly called 'a man of peace,' he had prudently refrained from taking arms, yet in consequence of the political part he had acted and the sentiments he was known to entertain, a number of people in the United States, as well as in different parts of Upper and Lower Canada, addressed to him letters which arrived in such numbers, that on and from the moment of the rebellion the post-office authorities deemed it their duty to seize them, and then to forward them to me unopened. As soon as Mr. Bidwell, on inquiring for his letters, ascertained this fact, as also that M'Kenzie had inscribed his [Bidwell's] name alone on the rebel flag which the militia had just captured at Gallows Hill, he felt that his own caution was no longer of any avail to him, for that by the incaution of others he was no doubt already betrayed. His only hope had been that the rebels might succeed in massacring the loyal, and in thus deposing the power and authority of the crown ; but so soon as he learnt that the former had not only been completely defeated, but that M'Kenzie, Dr. Rolph, and their other leaders had absconded to the United States, Mr. Bidwell felt that his life, that his existence, hung upon a thread. His obvious course was to fly to the United States ; but the coast was already guarded—and besides, as he was no horseman, he had not courage to attempt to escape ; and yet his conscience told him that the hand of any loyal man might, in retributive justice, now be raised against him : and as he knew how exasperated the militia had been by the barbarous murder of the brave Colonel Moodie, he had reason not only to fear the vengeance of the crown, but that any one of the militia-men he met might become his executioner ; in short, he knew not what to do, where to go, or how to hide himself.

"In this agony of mind his acquaintance with the magnanimity of British institutions, his knowledge of British law, British justice, and British mercy, admonished him to seek protection from the sovereign authority he had betrayed—from the executive power he had endeavored to depose ; and accordingly with faltering steps he walked towards government house ; and entering the waiting-room he there took refuge under the very BRITISH FLAG which it had been the object of the whole of his political life to desecrate.

"On the day before the outbreak I had had the windows of the room in which I was sitting when I received Mr. Bidwell's card, blocked up with rough timber, and loop-holed; and on his opening my door, the instant this strange and unexpected arrangement caught Mr. Bidwell's eyes, he remained at the threshold for some moments, and at last slowly advanced until he stood close before me. He neither bowed to me nor spoke; but fixing his eyes on the tied-up bundle of his sealed letters which I held in my hand, he stood for some time broken down in spirit, and overwhelmed with feelings to which it was evident he had not power to give utterance.

"As I had not sent for him, I of course waited to hear what he desired to say; but as he said nothing, and appeared to be speechless, I myself broke the solemn silence that prevailed by saying to him, as I pointed with his letters to the loop-holed windows at my side, 'Well, Mr. Bidwell, you see the state to which you have brought us!' He made no reply, and as it was impossible to help pitying the abject, fallen position in which he stood, I very calmly pointed out to him the impropriety of the course he had pursued; and then observing to him, what he well enough knew, that were I to open his letters his life would probably be in my hands, I reminded him of the mercy as well as the power of the British crown; and I ended by telling him that, as its humble representative, I would restore to him his letters unopened, if he would give me in writing a promise that he would leave the queen's territory forever.

"Mr. Bidwell had concealed in his heart some good feelings as well as many bad ones; and as soon as his fears were removed, the former prompted him to express himself in terms which I will not undertake to repeat. Suffice it, however, to say, that he retired to the waiting-room, wrote out the promise I had dictated, and returning with it I received it with one hand, and with the other, according to my promise, I delivered to him the whole of his letters unopened.

"The sentence which Mr. Bidwell deliberately passed upon himself he faithfully executed. He instantly exiled himself from the queen's dominions, and repairing to the state of New York, he very consistently took there the oath of allegiance to the United States, and openly and publicly abjured allegiance to all other authorities, and '*especially to the crown of Great Britain!*' In return, he instantly received all the honors which it is in the power of republicans to bestow; and such was the feeling in his favor, that, contrary to custom, precedent, and I believe contrary even to law, he was elected by acclamation a member of the American bar.

"The sequel of the story is an odd one.

"At the very moment that Mr. Bidwell, with the barred light from my loop-holed windows shining on and shadowing his pallid countenance, was standing before me, tendering with the hand that wrote it his own sentence of condemnation, the queen's government were relieving me from the relative position in which I stood, because I had refused to promote this Mr. Bidwell to the bench over the heads of Archibald Maclean, Jonas Jones, Henry Sherwood, Sir Allan MacNab, and other Canadian-born members of the bar, who throughout their lives had distinguished themselves, in the field as well as in the senate, by their attachment to the British throne. I had told the queen's government (*vide* my despatches printed by order of

her majesty, and laid before parliament) that Mr. Bidwell's object had been to separate Canada from the parent state, to create disaffection for the paternal government of the king, and by forming an alliance with M. Papineau's party, to exchange the British constitution for the low grovelling principles of democracy; and that for these reasons publicly to elevate Mr. Bidwell to the bench, would deprive me of the respect and confidence of the country.

"But the picture I here draw of Mr. Bidwell's principles and of the objects he had all his life had in view was highly attractive rather than repulsive:—and accordingly, in reply to my sketch, I was boldly informed that her majesty's government could not regard the part which Mr. Bidwell formerly took in local politics as an insuperable barrier to his future advancement in his profession, and that, *on the contrary*, adverting to the general estimate of Mr. Bidwell's qualifications for a seat on the bench, it appeared that the public service (i. e. Lord John Russell's object) would be promoted by securing his service.' I was therefore ordered, in case of another vacancy, to offer the appointment to Mr. Bidwell: this, rightly or wrongly, it now matters not, I refused to do; and thus while Mr. Bidwell, in consequence of having abjured his allegiance to the British crown, was receiving in the United States compliments and congratulations on his appointments to the American bar, it appeared from the London Gazette that the queen's government had advised her majesty to relieve his opponent from the administration of the government of Upper Canada; in short,

'The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died!'

"The above epitaph so graphically describes my decease, that I have not a word to add to it."

Although we have transcribed Sir Francis' official epitaph, we would fain indulge ourselves with the detail of his personal escape from the rebels and their sympathizers. We have not room, however, for the inimitable chapter good-humoredly entitled, "*The Hunted Hare.*" Our readers will recollect that the dismissed governor had received many hints and warnings that there was an organized conspiracy to murder him if he passed by the route of Halifax. These he disregarded until the very day before his successor was to be sworn in, when a confidential despatch from Sir John Colborne, in Lower Canada, gave him such distinct information of the fact, that it would have been madness to persist. He, therefore, took the bold course of passing through the territories of the United States; and after a sharp run before an ardent pack of "sympathizers," he at last distanced them, and reached in safety the Albany steam-boat, just starting for the civilized city of New York.

"On our arrival at New York, I was quite aware that I was not only out of reach of border-excitement, but that I was among a highly-intelligent people, and that I had only to conform to their habits to ensure generous treatment during the week I had to remain among them, until the sailing of the packet. Instead, therefore, of living in any way that might offensively savor of 'exclusiveness,' I resolved to go to one of the largest hotels in the city, and while there, like everybody else, to dine in public at the *table d'hôte*.

"I accordingly drove up to the American hotel; but, thinking it only fair to the landlord that he

should have the opportunity of (if he wished it) refusing me admission, I told him who I was, and what I wanted. Without the smallest alteration of countenance, he replied by gravely asking me to follow him. I did so, until he led me into his own little sitting-room, and I was wondering what might be about to happen, when, raising one of his hands, he certainly did astonish me beyond description by pointing to my own picture, which, among some other framed engravings, was hanging on the wall!

"When the dinner hour arrived, my worthy companion and I proceeded at the usual pace to the room, but everybody else, as is the custom, had gone there so very much faster, that we found the chairs appointed for us the only ones vacant. There was evidently a slight sensation as we sat down; but of mere curiosity. A number of sharp glittering eyes were for some little time fixed upon us, but hunger soon conquered curiosity, and in due time both were satiated.

"During the week I remained at New York, I had reason not only to be satisfied, but to be grateful for the liberal reception I met with. Although as I walked through the street I saw in several shop-windows pictures of the 'Caroline' going over the Falls of Niagara, detailing many imaginary, and consequently to my mind amusing horrors, yet neither at the theatre which I attended, nor elsewhere, did I receive either by word or gesture the slightest insult. Several American citizens of the highest character in the country called upon me, and I certainly was gratified at observing how thoroughly most of them in their hearts admired British institutions.

"On the morning of my departure, I was informed that an immense crowd had assembled to see me embark. Mr. Buchanan, the British consul, also gave me intimation of this circumstance; and as among a large assemblage it is impossible to answer for the conduct of every individual, Mr. Buchanan kindly recommended me, instead of going in a carriage, to walk through the streets to the pier arm in arm with him. I did so; and though I passed through several thousand people, many of whom pressed towards us with some little eagerness, yet not a word or a sound, good, bad, or indifferent, was uttered. I took a seat on the deck of the packet, and when almost immediately afterwards the moorings of the vessel were cast adrift, I felt that the mute silence with which I had been allowed to depart was a suppression of feeling highly creditable, and which, in justice to the American people, it was my duty ever to appreciate and avow."

The chapter on his arrival in "the old country" must be drawn upon for one paragraph more:—

"During my residence in Canada I had read so much, had heard so much, and had preached so much about '*The Old Country*,' that as the packet in which I was returning approached its shores, I quite made up my mind to see in the venerable countenance of 'my auld respektit mither' the ravages of time and the wrinkles of old age. Nevertheless, whatever might prove to be her infirmities, I yearned for the moment in which I might exclaim—'This is my own, my native land!'

"I disembarked at Liverpool on the 22d of April, 1838, and, with as little delay as possible, started for London on the railway, which had been completed during my absence.

"Now, if a very short-sighted young man, intending to take one more respectful look at the pic-

ture of his grandmother, were to find within the frame, instead of canvass,

'A blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride,'

he could not be more completely, and, as he might possibly irreverently term it, *agreeably* surprised than I was when, on the wings of a lovely spring morning, I flew over the surface of 'Old England.'

"Everything looked new! The grass in the meadows was new—the leaves on the trees and hedges were new—the flowers were new—the blossoms of the orchards were new—the lambs were new—the young birds were new—the crops were new—the railway was new. As we whisked along it, the sight, per minute, of an erect man, in bottle-green uniform, standing like a direction-post, stock still, with an arm extended, was new; the idea, whatever it might be intended to represent, was quite new. All of a sudden plunging souse into utter darkness, and then again into bright dazzling sunshine, was new. Every station at which we stopped was new. The bells which affectionately greeted our arrival, and which, sometimes almost before we even could stop, bade us depart, were new.

"During one of the longest of these intervals, the sudden appearance of a line of young ladies behind a counter, exhibiting to hungry travellers tea, toast, scalding-hot soup, sixpenny pork pies, and everything else that human nature could innocently desire to enjoy—and then, almost before we could get to these delicacies, being summarily ordered to depart:—the sight of a crowd of sturdy Englishmen, in caps of every shape, hurrying to their respective carriages, with their mouths full—was new. In short it was to new and merry England that after a weary absence I had apparently returned; and it was not until I reached Downing street I could believe that I really was once again in '*The Old Country*,' but there I found everything old:—old men, old women, old notions, old prejudices, old stuff, and old nonsense; and what was infinitely worse, old principles."

"Old principles!" We presume Sir Francis Head remembered "who was the first whig!"

We must not refuse ourselves the sad pleasure of appending to these fragments of Sir Francis Head's Canadian biography a brief paragraph from "*Hochelega*." It is the story of one of the very few who suffered death for their concern in the rebellion of 1837—almost all of them for cruel murders perpetrated in cold blood, but not so in the case to be quoted. The author says:—

"Six of the Prescott brigade, and three of the assassins of Dr. Hume, were executed. The leader of the former was the first tried, and hanged; his name was Von Schoultz, a Pole by birth, and merely a military adventurer. He had fought with skill and courage; and he died bravely and without complaint, except of the false representations which had caused his ruin, by inducing him to join the godless cause. Doing all that lay in his power to repair his error, he left his little property, about eight hundred pounds, half to the Roman Catholic college at Kingston, and the remainder to the widows and orphans of the English soldiers and militia who had fallen in the combat where he was taken."—*Hochelega*, v. i. l., p. 73.

We have filled so many pages from "*The Emigrant*," that we cannot afford to copy much from

the "Hochelaga." It is due to such a writer, however, that we should give one sufficient specimen of his performance, and we select the very striking history of one of those nondescript adventurers so abounding in the New World, both south and north. Our readers will not, however, be mistaken in supposing that we fixed on the following chapter on account partly of the special interest attached at this moment to the name of CALIFORNIA.

"In one of my transatlantic voyages in the steamer, I met with a very singular man, a German by birth, who was on his return from Europe to America. He was about thirty years of age, of a rather small but active and wiry frame, his features very handsome, of a chiselled and distinct outline; his bright black eye never met yours, but watched, as you looked away, with penetrating keenness; the expression of his mouth was wild and somewhat sensual, with two perfect rows of large teeth, white as ivory; his hair was black, worn long behind; complexion fresh and ruddy, but swarthy over by sun and wind. He was never still, but kept perpetually moving to and fro, even when seated, with the restlessness of a savage animal, always glancing round and behind, as though he expected, but did not fear, some hidden foe. His voice was soft and rather pleasing, very low, but as if suppressed with effort.

"This strange being had been educated in a German university, and was very well informed; the European languages were all equally familiar to him; he spoke them all well, but none perfectly, not even German; in several Indian tongues he was more at home. When still young he had left his country; struggling out from among the down-trampled masses of the north of Europe, he went to seek liberty in America. But even there the restraints of law were too severe; so he went away for the Far West, where his passion for freedom might find full vent, under no lord but the Lord on High. Hunting and trapping for some months on the upper branches of the Missouri, he acquired money and influence enough to collect a few Indians and mules, and drive a dangerous but profitable trade with the savage tribes round about. In course of time, his commerce prospered sufficiently to enable him to assemble twenty-four men—hunters, Canadian voyagers, and Indians—well armed with rifles, with many mules and wagons laden with the handiwork of the older states.

"He started with his company, in the beginning of April, for the Rocky Mountains, from Independence—the last western town, originally settled by the Mormons, four miles from the Missouri river. They travelled from twelve to fifteen miles a day through the 'bush' and over the prairies, and were soon beyond the lands of friendly or even neutral tribes, among the dangerous haunts of the treacherous and warlike Blackfeet. By day and night the party was ever on the watch; though they rarely saw them, they knew that enemies were all around. The moment there was any apparent carelessness or irregularity in their march, they were attacked, with horrible whoop and yell; if there was sufficient time, they ranged their wagons round, and used them as rests for their rifles, and for protection from the bullets and arrows of the Indians.

"Occasionally these adventurers had lack of water; but when they got five hundred miles on, and into the Rocky Mountains, they found abundance, with many mineral springs, some of them of rare virtues, and a few salt lakes. The peaks

of this grim range are here ten thousand feet high, always white with snow; but the company, keeping in the gorges and the valleys, felt no great cold at any time. They steered their course by the compass through the wilderness.

"For five hundred miles more, their way lay through these Rocky Mountains; for six hundred beyond them, they still veered for the northwest, till they struck on the upper forks of the Columbia river. Here they met with more friendly natives, and some of a race mixed with French-Canadian blood, besides a few lonely hunters and trappers. Here, and further on, they traded and got great quantities of rich and valuable furs, in exchange for their blankets, knives, guns, and other products of civilization.

"California, to the south of these regions, has a soil of exuberant fertility; the climate is genial, rich woods cover it, lakes and rivers suited to the uses of man intersect it. San Francisco has a noble harbor. American emigrants are crowding in every day; they are already nearly strong enough to seek annexation to the giant republic, and to drive out the feeble Mexicans; but the powers of Europe will be more cautious in allowing the game of Texas to be played a second time, and on this will arise a question between England and America far more difficult of adjustment than that of Oregon.

"The adventurer prospered very much in his traffic; the next few years' gain enabled him to increase his party of traders to the northwest to sixty or seventy men, with three or four hundred mules; while he, with a small body, crossed the Rocky Mountains to the southwest from Independence, and journeyed nearly a thousand miles, entering the province of Santa Fè, and bartering his goods with great advantage for the gold and silver of the rich Mexican mines.

"The burning of the prairies is one of the dangers and hardships to which these traders are exposed. In the autumn the tall rich grasses dry up and wither; the slightest spark of fire suffices to set them alight, and then, whichever way the wind may carry it, the flame only ends with the mountain, the lake, or the river. The heat is but for a few moments, as the blaze sweeps by, but it leaves no living thing behind it, and the smoke is dense and acrid. When the fire approaches, no man mounts his horse and trusts to its speed; that would be vain; but they fire the prairie to leeward and follow the course of the burning, till enough desolation lies between them and their ravenous pursuer to starve it into tameness. The German once found the blackened track of the fire for nine hundred miles, and could only obtain scanty grazing for his cattle by the borders of the lakes and rivers on his route.

"In the year 1844 he was delayed much beyond his usual time in collecting mules sufficient for his expedition, and could not start for Santa Fè till the middle of September. There is a low, hollow country, many miles in extent, about fifty days' journey on their road; it is covered with gravel, sand, and stone; there is no hill, rock, or shelter of any kind; it supports no animal or vegetable life, for a strong, withering wind sweeps over it, summer and winter. The adventurers have named this hideous place—probably from the wind—the Simoom. Great caution is always taken to pass it before the winter begins; this year they were late, and the rigor of the season set in very early; and when they were well advanced into the danger, a thick snow-storm fell. There was no track; the

cattle moved painfully; they were without fuel, and the stock of forage was soon exhausted. Many animals dropped by the way; and, in one night, a hundred and sixty mules died from cold, weariness, and hunger.

"Then the hunters, who had faced many great dangers and hardships before, became appalled; for the snow still fell heavily, and the way was far and dark before them. The next morning they consulted together, and agreed to abandon the convoy and hasten back to save their lives. An old hunter, who had served long and faithfully, and was known to be much esteemed by their leader, was chosen to state this determination to him. The delegate came forward, and, in a quiet but determined way, declared the mutiny. As he spoke, the German shot him dead: the rest returned to their duty. Leaving orders to his company to remain where they were, the leader, escorted by two Indians, rode back to the settlements: they had but little food with them; the journey was seven hundred miles, and they had to cross many rapid, swollen streams—but he arrived safely, procured supplies, returned to his people, and, after a prosperous expedition, they all came back in safety.

"His narrative of these events was as free from bravado as it was from the expression of human feeling or remorse.

"The adventurer, being now wealthy, went to Europe, with the intention of settling, or at least of spending some time with his friends in Germany. He remained in London for a month, where he met some connexions who treated him with kindness. But the bonds of society proved intolerable to him; he gave up his plan of going home, and once again turned to seek the wild but fascinating life of the prairie. This strange man was thoroughly well informed on all political and social conditions of the nations of the earth, in their poetry, philosophy, and even their novels. He had read and thought much: with an anxious effort to overcome this love of savage life, he felt deeply the evil of yielding to its influence, but succumbed. By this time, he is again in the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, or chasing the buffalo on the prairies of the west."—*Hochelaga*, vol. ii., p. 161.

From the *Britannia*, 17 Oct.

THE RAPACITY OF REPUBLICANISM.

THE republicans are now busy in the two grand affairs of republicanism—getting money and grasping at territory. Their journals are filled with exultation at the activity of their corn-market, and the gallantry of their troops, who, in the last six months, have advanced about as many miles.

However, there is no fear that Jonathan will not advance when there is anything to be got by it; and Mexico, with its mines, its pastures, and its seaports, is open before him. The Mexican will not fight; and who can wonder at it? He is a beggar, a peasant, a robber, or an Indian. As the first, he cares for nobody but the passer-by who can give him the means of living without work; as the second, he is torn from his cabin and his cows and sent to be shot, he knows not for whom, or what, or why; as the third, he is forced to give up a popular occupation, much cultivated by *routs* of the higher order, and instead of shooting, with the chance of making a full purse, and being called capitano, he is drilled to be shot at for threepence a day, that threepence, often only promissory, after being starved, stripped, and strappadoed in, the

preparative for soldiership. Who can be surprised that any one of the three classes has an instinctive aversion to the puncture of a bayonet, and wholly disapproves of standing in front of a discharge of six-pounders! As for the fourth, the Indian, the native master of the soil, the aboriginal lord of swamp and prairie, of sunless valley and volcanic hill, he equally abhors them all, Spaniard or American. He regards the struggle as a sporting man would one between a terrier and a brood of rats, and calculates his gains on the number which may be killed on both sides in the encounter. When Sultan Selim was told that the Prussians and Austrians were going to war, and was asked which side he preferred, his Ottoman reply was, "What is it to me whether the dog eats the hog, or the hog eats the dog?" The Indian is undoubtedly of the Ottoman opinion.

But the higher moral remains to Europe in the condition of the Mexican government, and of all the governments of South America. We have been constantly worried with harangues on the *energy* of republicanism. From Vera Cruz down to Cape Horn all is republicanism, yet all is lassitude, exhaustion, public profligacy, and private disorder. If an exception occurs here and there, it results simply from the supremacy of some one daring colonel or general who rules by the sword, rectifies morals by the bullet, and comprises the art of government in the gallows. Despotism has there taken the task out of the hands of republicanism; and "Senor el Presidente" has no privy council but the hangman.

Republicanism is boasted of as raising the standard of talent, as summoning the ability of the lower orders to the service of the state, and as placing civic genius on the "stool of power." But what is the reality? In every one of those republics the ruler is a soldier; the civilian is a tool, a drudge, a slave. The sceptre is the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the seat of law is the drum-head. And, much as common sense abhors ambition, and common humanity abjures bloodshed, the struggle would be fortunate for the highest interests of the western world if the whole cluster of those republics were merged in one huge, stern, and stately monarchy—if some modern Augustus would coax, or frighten, or crush those bitter and boasting factions by lines of longitude and latitude into one pacific mass, and turn their fierce colonels and cut-throat captains into the quiet cattle of courts, liveried lords in waiting, crouching chamberlains, and antechamber trainbands, with the carpet for their only field of battle, and a jappaned pike their deadliest weapon of war.

Still, the American invasion is an act for which even American subtlety has found no excuse, and at which even American effrontery blushes. The journals, which seem made to defend anything, shrink from its defence; and the cabinet, which began its career with something like an intention to swallow the transatlantic continent as a lunch, and finish with Europe as a dinner, even if it should not take tea with the Emperor of Souchong at Peking, has never ventured "to talk" of the seizure of Mexico. But the seizure goes on, and month by month the Yankee is restrained from the fullest employment of his powder and shot, only by the determination of the Mexicans to let him take all that he likes without the trouble of a denial.

The arrival of Santa Anna has produced no change except to Monsieur Paredes, whom he has ordered to quit his lodgings, and return to his prim-

five cabin, sheepskin clothing, and goats'-milk regimen. These, with a cigar, will satisfy the ex-president against all the frowns of fortune. Every Spaniard on earth has but to find a cigar in his mouth, and a cloak to wrap round him, to be a practical philosopher in the worst of times. The whole question is now, can Santa Anna fight? The problem awaits solution. If Santa Anna deserves the hundredth part of the reputation which he brings with him, he will fight; and if he avails himself of the simple means of his country, he will have General Taylor on prison rations in Mexico in a month, and the heroes of Washington right glad to scamper across moor and mountain until they wrap their scars in the remnants of their flag. Mexico is four times the size of France. It has ready-made guerillas by the ten thousand or the hundred thousand. It has hills and hollows where fifty men might stop the march of fifty thousand. It has forests through which nothing could make its way but a wolf, and deserts which few things could pass but a bird. It has ten millions of people, and if, of those, every tenth man were turned into a soldier for the emergency, no power on earth could make an impression upon Mexico. The sea, too, is open. If Mexico cannot build fleets, she can at least commission privateers; and Jonathan would learn his only wisdom, that of the pocket, in the most immediate degree, by the operations of those sea mosquitoes. But Mexico does nothing. She has no model but *Scrub* in the play, who surrenders his keys at once, drops on his knees and implores of the "bold captain" to take his life, but spare his money.

THE BOURBONIAN MANIA.

LOUIS PHILIPPE is a great architect, but in his political building his anxiety, wisdom, and attention have been exclusively directed to one department, one portion. This is the summit of the building. Others may lay the foundation, rear the walls, erect the column. This done, no person is so clever to put on a roof, adorn a pediment, or fix a capital upon the column. In France, this division of political labor between the people and the sovereign has succeeded admirably. The French have for well nigh a century been themselves engaged in laying the foundation of their political and social edifice. They began by a great clearing, and the foundations which they laid, rest upon the most profound and solid *stratum* of mother earth. They have since raised wall and column, solid too, with well-calculated dimensions. To drop the metaphor, their popular rights and liberties are firmly established, and established too by their own popular hand. On this Louis Philippe has been allowed to place his superstructure, his court, his dynasty, his peers, and in part his administration.

In France, all these have flourished because of the excellent basis on which they rest. But Louis Philippe has had no hand in the inferior structure. Far from mending or strengthening it, he has done all in his power, to injure and weaken it. He has warred with municipality and national guard, and jury, and with every element of popular liberty, as much as he durst and could. If they survive, it is in despite of him.

But Louis Philippe has not confined his policy to home. He would build political edifices abroad. Neither the Alps, nor the Pyrenees, nor even the ocean, stop him. There he is not so fortunate. In Spain, for example, over which he has ruled these

four years, and where he now dominates, his whole attention has been directed to what we have called the superstructure, the fashioning of the court and government. As for any foundation in public welfare, popular institutions, in consulting and preserving such customs as were purely and thoroughly Spanish—the French king has cared for none of these things. He has taken no account of Spanish peculiarities, Spanish character. And in Spain all these foundations and rude walls for the support of the political edifice, are wanting, or new, or weak. Nevertheless, he has gone on boldly to raise his superstructure. He has erected a king, a court, a government, a dictatorship, a stringent and direct taxation, a centralized administration, all after the manner of France. All is gilt, and new, and magnificent, and dazzling. But who, acquainted with Spain, does not at once see, that all this is built upon the sand, or upon foundations so corrupt, that ruin is inevitable?

But the Bourbonian *monomania* is even more manifest and ridiculous in its transatlantic than in its European ambition. Sober people will be unwilling to believe in serious projects for the restoration of monarchy, and of Bourbonian monarchy, in the new world. And yet it is but too true that such schemes have never slept, and that we could fill volumes with chronicling such folly. Even the other day, in Mexico, grave diplomatists have suggested, that the only cure for her weakness and her ills, was a return to the bosom of monarchy, and the election of a Bourbon to the throne of Mexico. The French envoy, who has since departed the country, dreamed it. The Spanish envoy, Bermudez de Castro, pressed it, and President Paredes was fool enough to listen to them. It was the chief cause of his fall.

And now an expedition is fitting out in Spain by General Flores for the conquest of the Ecuador, to which Queen Christina and the Spanish cabinet have given every countenance and assistance for ulterior purposes, that may be surmised. The Ecuador is an inland country, which can only be reached across the territories of Venezuela or Chili, or some other republic. So that General Flores' attempt, and the Spanish government's patronage of it, has set all the governments of South America in alarm. The known schemes of Bermudez de Castro and Paredes in Mexico, coupled with those of Flores, and with the possession of Spain taken by the French in the person of the Duke de Montpensier, have stirred up the passions of the Creoles; and the native Spaniards of the old world are in danger of massacre and exile, all through the nonsensical dreams and the machinations of the Bourbonian monarchists.

Such views upon America are not rational enough to excite our disquiet, or require our interference. We merely mention them to show the extravagance of the *monomania*, which affects the courts of Paris and Madrid, and which has given birth to a purely dynastic policy, utterly regardless of the interests, the prejudices, or the liberties of the people, whose throne and treasure are thus selfishly aimed at.

England has at this moment no cause of quarrel with the people of France, and just as little with the people of Spain. If one nation chooses to run counter to our policy or to rival us at sea, these are natural contingencies, which we must meet with patience, and overcome by wisdom. If Spain, of her own free will, with a voluntary though mistaken view of her own interests, would proscribe

our commerce and exclude our trade, we may feel angry at such ingratitude and real blindness, but we cannot resent such acts on the part of a free and independent nation. But when all this rivalry and exclusion are evidently not the result of the separate will of the population or government of either—when they evidently spring from the dictation and aggressive policy of the stronger nation, and from a kind of family compact, such as hath before conspired for our destruction—then matters become seriously altered. Then indeed we must begin to look about us, and before us. If with no quarrel or enmity betwixt us on the one hand, and France and Spain on the other, we still find a certain family concentrating in its hands the force of both to our detriment, this may not make us entertain hostile feelings towards French and Spaniards, but we are decidedly at war with the house of Bourbon. Should Europe take the same view of these things as England does—a concordance of opinion most probable—then, we would not give much for the prospects of the house of Bourbon.—*Examiner*, Oct. 10.

THE FOURTH ALTERNATIVE.

"WHAT is to be hoped, what to be done?" So asks an able writer on foreign politics in the *Daily News*; who, like most of his fellows in the London journals, is just now somewhat put off a level consideration by the excitement incidental to the Montpensier marriage. What is to be done, ask those who protest against the match; as if it were necessary, or even possible, to do something on all occasions. It does not appear to us that at any stage of the business England could have done much. There has been no infraction of treaty; and as long as the Spanish sovereign was willing to concur with the French sovereign in the arrangement, England's position seems to have been one of mere helplessness. The marriage may be "the most untoward event that could have happened to constitutional Europe," but England had no legal instrument by which to prevent it.

But the *Daily News* sticks to its question; repeating the words used by Lord Bolingbroke on a similar occasion—

"What remained to be done? In the whole nature of things there remained but three. To abandon all care of the Spanish succession was one. To compound with France on this succession was another. And to prepare, like her, during the interval of peace, to make an advantageous war whenever the sovereign of Spain should die, was a third."

There is now, says our contemporary, no greater choice of alternatives; and he proceeds to discuss them seriatim. The first—to abandon all care of the Spanish succession [in other words, to do nothing]—is too great a concession of power over the commerce of the Peninsula, and even of the Mediterranean; it is an abandonment of markets impossible for England. The second alternative—compromise—is no longer possible: Lord Aberdeen lost the opportunity; and, moreover, there are no longer the Indies and Low Countries—"a wide empire to carve." There remains then the third alternative—to prepare for war: and here, you would suppose, the *Daily News* must

repose its restless soul; having arrived at it by the exhaustive process of testing all other alternatives. Oh, no: "this, perhaps," says he, "is the most impossible of all." "Heaven avert such calamities!" The English, too, "are a people the most averse to war—to propose, or even to think of it." That is the very thing upon which Louis Philippe counted.

Such is the frightful position to which we are reduced: something must be done, and there is nothing to do. So impossible a conflict of duties is enough to turn the brain; and in very desperation we hasten to suggest a fourth alternative.

It is clear we cannot prevent Louis Philippe's family aggrandizement; he manages it so cunningly, so doudely. It is true that Spain has no vast dependencies to "carve," nor France either. But there is the wide world. What is the difficulty which we encounter in our march of territorial aggrandizement, but the jealousy of France! What could we not effect with her aid and concurrence! There is, then, the fourth alternative of heartily going along with Louis Philippe; anticipating his wishes, furthering all his projects, throwing in more even than his hopes; and only requiring him to give us what will cost him, poor man! absolutely nothing.

Let us require of him nothing but this—*mutually* free trade between all French and English possessions, mutually free residence for English and French subjects in the territories of either power, French countenance for British possession of all that France does not want; surely all of them modest and easy requirements. Those stipulations secured, let us be liberal, and help the aged monarch, like the old king of a fairy tale, to endow all his sons. It can be done with a stroke of the pen.

Give him, for Joinville and his Brazilian bride, Mexico, Central America, and all down to Brazil; so securing a solid southern boundary to the United States—that huge moving bog in political geography; and endowing Brazil, for the first time, with a quiet frontier. Give him, for the Duc de Montpensier, even Spain, Madeira, and the Balearic Isles; allowing to Don Francisco and his wife comfortable subsistence. Give him, for Aumale, Algeria, with Morocco and Egypt. Give him, for Nemours, after he shall have performed his duties of regent, the reversion of Italy on the death of Pius the Ninth. His daughter is already settled in Belgium. Perhaps, if he has an eye on the future for the Comte d'Eu, some German kingdom might be available; or otherwise Turkey would require nothing but that the little boy should follow the example of Colonel Selves; we getting the trade of the Black Sea unmolested, Russia a respectable neighbor, the Slavonian provinces of Central Europe a friend, Circassia a protector. Madagascar or Polynesia—perhaps Madame Adelaide might have a fancy for either, or both! Would any other relation of his that Japan or Loo Choo?

When France and England should have divided the world, hereafter, they might settle ulterior eventualities between; having by that time learned better how to do so. We should have no fear for the result. At all events, the lull would outlast our time: we should be taking a loan of peace from posterity.—*Spectator*, Oct. 17.